



CRIMES

Incorporated

JUNE
10c



**TRUE
CRIME
STORIES**

JACK 'SAD EYE' TOBIAS

DON'T WORRY, BO!
I'LL PUT THE WHAMMY
ON HIM WITH MY SAD
EYES!

THE STORY OF JACK 'SAD EYE' TOBIAS IS THE STORY OF A MAN WITH A PECULIAR AFFLICTION WHICH BECAME HIS MONEY EARNING TALENT AND THE BANE OF HIS EXISTENCE, A TALENT WHICH EVENTUALLY DROVE HIM TO THEFT AND MURDER! 'SAD EYE' TOBIAS ENJOYED A TEMPORARY RIDE TO FAME IN THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF HIS CRIMINAL CAREER...A CAREER WHICH WAS CUT SHORT WHEN HE RAN INTO THE...
'MONEY HE COULDN'T COLLECT'

ON JULY 23, 1937 IN A BOXING ARENA AT THE SOUTHERN TIP OF BROOKLYN...

YA DONT EVEN KNOW THIS
FIGHTER, BO AADLUM THAT
YER TURNING YER GLIM
ON?

NAW! IT'S A PERSONAL
FAVOR FOR A FRIEND!
HE'S GOT A BET ON
THE OTHER GUY!

THOSE EYES! I CAN'T AVOID THEM, THEY'RE FOLLOWING ME ALL OVER THE RING! WHENEVER I LOOK UP, THERE THEY ARE, MAKING ME FORGET THIS FIGHT... AGGGH!

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NEXT ISSUE 'CRIMES INCORPORATED' ON SALE 2nd WEEK OF JUNE

IN JULY, 1937, SAD EYE TOBIAS PUT THE 'WHAMMY' ON BO ARDLUM, ONE OF LARGE STABLE OF FIGHTERS! BUT THIS TIME, HE FOUND THAT TROUBLE WAS SEEKING HIM....INSTEAD OF THE MONEY HE COULDN'T COLLECT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID? I GOT SOME DOLPH RIDING ON THIS FIGHT! YOU AINT THINKING OF DOUBLE CROSSING ME ARE YOU?

I CAN'T HELP IT, PUG, I CAN'T HELP IT!

IT'S SAD EYE! HE'S SITTING IN THE CORNER AND HE'S PUTTING THE WHAMMY ON ME WITH THOSE EYES OF HIS! CANT YOU MAKE HIM STOP?

SO THAT'S WHAT THE DEAL IS! THAT DIRTY RAT! I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

GET OUT THERE AND SAIL INTO HIM, BO! PUNCH HIM SILLY! I'LL TAKE CARE OF SAD EYE TOBIAS! HEY! YOU TWO! COME WITH ME, I GOT A JOB FOR YA!

WE GOT BUSSINESS WITH THAT CHARACTER WITH THE BIG COW EYES! THAT GUY IS GOING TO COST ME FIVE GRAND ON THIS FIGHT! HE'S GOT BO GO CROSSED UP, HE'LL BE PUNCHING HIMSELF ANY MINUTE.

SAD EYE, YA SORTA OVERDID YERSELF TONIGHT! MY BOY'S TAKING A BEATING BECAUSE YER PUTTING THE WHAMMY ON HIM, AND I DON'T LIKE IT!

I GOT A RIGHT TO SIT HERE!

YOU GUYS PUT ME DOWN! I WANT TO WATCH THE FIGHT!

THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO! I'M GOING TO PUT THOSE LAMPS OF YOURS OUT OF OPERATION FOR AWHILE! YOU BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU COULD CHEW WHEN YOU PUT THE WHAMMY ON ONE OF MY BOYS!

GET OUT THERE IN THE ALLEY SAD EYE! GO AHEAD, BOYS WORK HIM OVER!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE! THOSE GLIMS OF HIS GIVE ME THE CREEPS!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME! IT'S TOO LATE! YOUR BOY CAN'T WIN ANYMORE!

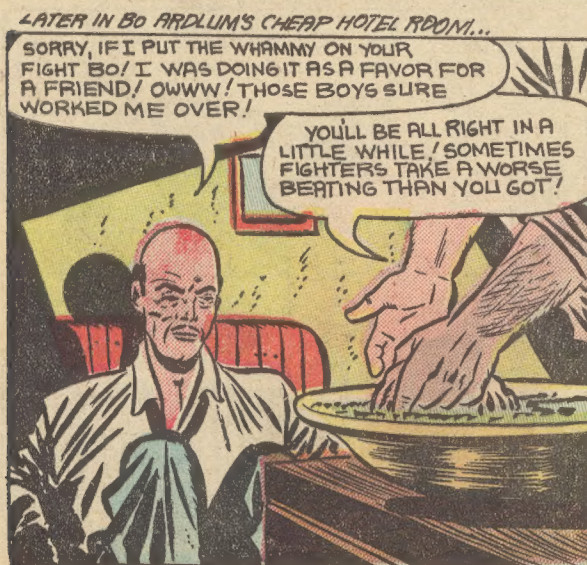
EXIT →

EXIT

FIGHT TO NIGHT IN THE ALLEY



A HALF HOUR LATER, BO ARDLUM, A DEFEATED FIGHTER, EMERGED INTO THE ALLEY TO FIND SAD-EYE TOBIAS.....



HOW ABOUT HOOKING UP WITH ME KID? I'M TIRED OF THE SMALL STUFF I GET FOR PUTTING THE WHAMMY ON THINGS WITH MY EVIL LOOK! I'M IN THE MARKET FOR BIG DOUGH! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I DON'T WANT ANOTHER MANAGER SAD EYE! I'M THROUGH WITH THE FIGHT RACKET!

THAT WOULD BE PART OF THE AGREEMENT! WE'RE JUST A COUPLE OF PARTNERS! MY BRAIN AND YOUR BRAWN! LET'S THE TWO OF US BEAT IT OUT OF THE BIG CITY, AND MAKE A FRESH START IN SOME TOWN WHERE WE CAN ROLL THE HICKS!

YEAH! THAT SOUNDS O.K.!



THAT NIGHT, THE PARTNERSHIP OF JACK 'SAD EYE' TOBIAS AND BO ARDLUM WAS FORMED.....

SO I SAID TO THIS GUY IN THE RAILROAD STATION...GIVE ME SEVEN BUCKS WORTH OF A RIDE ON A TRAIN! AND MAKE IT ONE WAY!

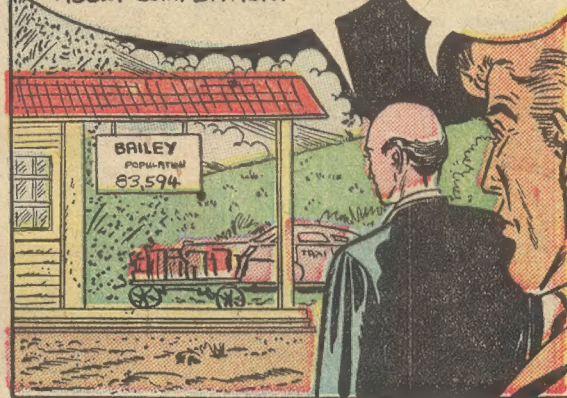
I HOPE YOU DIDN'T ACCIDENTALLY PUT THE WHAMMY ON OUR DESTINATION!



LATER.....

JUST UNDER A HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN! NOT BAD! ENOUGH TO PICK FROM, AND NOT TOO BIG ENOUGH FOR US TO WORRY ABOUT COMPETITION!

THAT'S UP TO YOU SAD EYE! YOU'RE MAKING THE DECISIONS!



I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, SAD EYE, AND THE ANSWER IS NO!

THIS WOULD BE THE ONLY TIME, BO, AND IT WOULD BE THE LAST TIME! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO RUN UP A STAKE THAT WE CAN WORK WITH! YOU CAN'T TURN IT DOWN, BO!

SAD EYE TOBIAS' REASONING PREVAILED AND SHORTLY THE STRANGE PARTNERS TURNED UP AT CHUMLEY CIRCUS.....

YA GOT NOTHING TO LOOSE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE PRICE OF ADMISSION IS ONLY ONE DOLLAR! YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY OF SEEING ONE OF OUR LOCAL CHAMPS TAKE ON THE MASKED MARVEL FOR A CRACK AT THAT FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS!

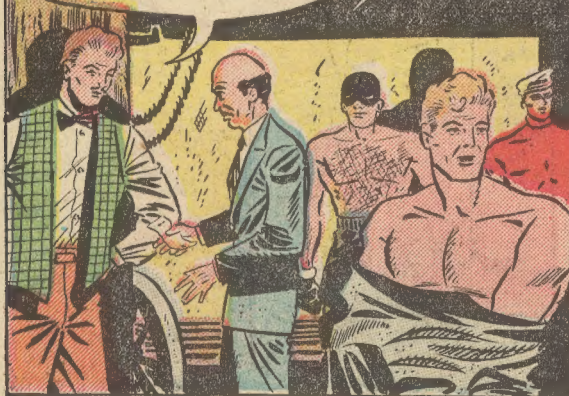
YOUR LOCAL MAN DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO WIN! ALL HE HAS TO DO IS BE ON HIS FEET AT THE END OF THE FIRST ROUND!

COME ON BO! I CAN SIT IN YOUR CORNER AND PUT THE EYE ON THIS MASKED MARVEL!



IT'S JUST A SMALL FEE! A KIND OF INSURANCE THAT WE INSIST ON SO THAT YOUR BOY CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM THE RING! WE HAVE TO GIVE THE PEOPLE A SHOW FOR THEIR MONEY, YOU KNOW!

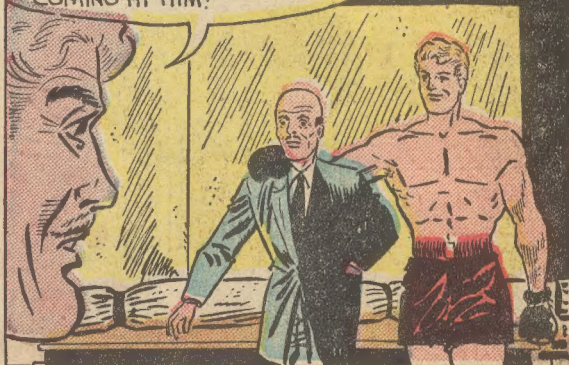
TEN BUCKS! I KNOW I'M BEING TAKEN.



LATER...

OKAY, YOU TWO ARE ON NOW! YOU AND THE SEEING EYE MANAGER! SEE IF YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THE GUY WHO WAS JUST IN THERE! HE ALMOST TRIPPED OVER HIMSELF WHEN HE SAW THE MARVEL COMING AT HIM!

WE'RE NOT IN A TRIPPING MOOD!

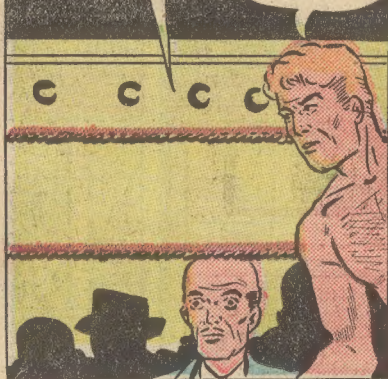
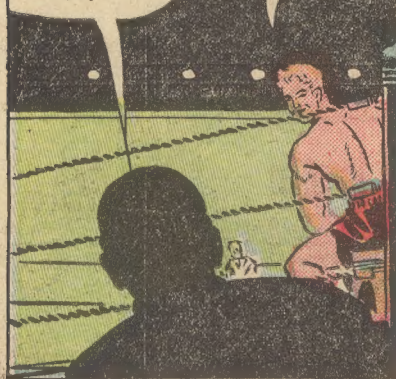


GIVE THIS MARVEL A PHONY WORKOUT! DON'T GET CARELESS, BUT GIVE HIM A ROUGH WORKING OVER! IF YOU CAN TAKE HIM, GO TO IT!

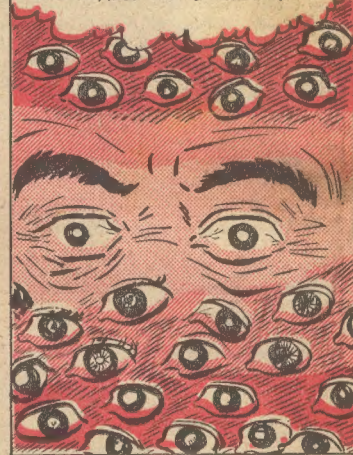
I'M OKAY AS LONG AS YOU'RE IN MY CORNER SAD EYE, PUTTING THE WHAMMY ON HIM!

I GOT THE WHAMMY ON HIM NOW, BO! HE FEELS IT ALREADY! SEE HIM STRAINING!

DON'T LOOK LIKE HE'S STRAINING MUCH TO ME, SAD EYE! GIVE HIM THE EXTRA SPECIAL TREATMENT!



WORK HEY, WORK WHAMMY! THIS IS FOR FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS, EYES! BURN INTO HIS BRAIN AND MAKE HIM DIZZY!!

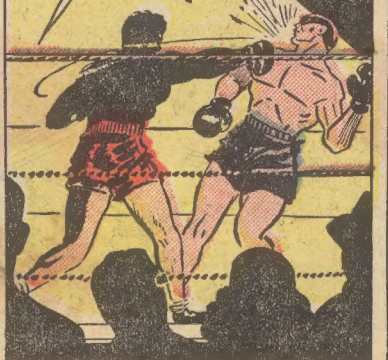
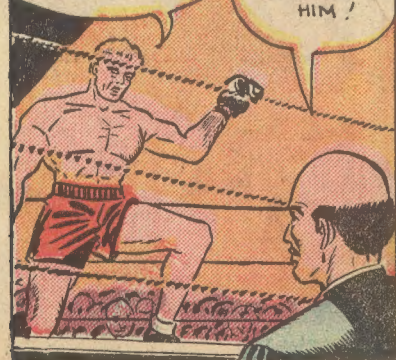


SAD EYE! YA SURE YOU WERE LOOKING AT THE RIGHT ONE? YA SURE YA DIDN'T PUT THE WHAMMY ON ME! I THINK THIS GUY'S CARRYING A LEAD PIPE IN HIS GLOVE!

GET UP FAST, BO! HE AINT EXPECTING NOTHING! TURN AROUND AND SLUG HIM!

THAT'S IT BO! POUR IT ON! LAY IT INTO HIM!

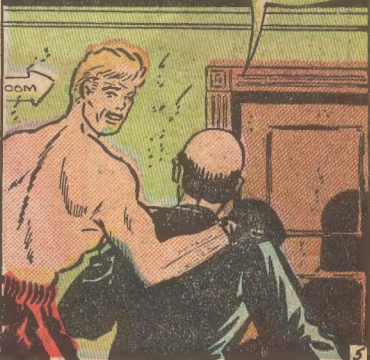
THUD!



A MOMENT LATER

I DID IT SAD EYE! I DID IT!

COME ON, BO! LET'S HUSTLE BACK TO THE DRESSING ROOM TENT AND GET YOUR CLOTHES! THEN WE'LL GET THE DOUGH!



AFTER BO ARDLUM WAS DRESSED.....

HEY! WHAT'S THE DEAL? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING OFF TO? WE WANT OUR FIVE HUNDRED IRON MENAND YOU AINT PULLING OUT WITHOUT COMING ACROSS!

THAT'S TOUGH! BUT I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



GIVE IT TO HIM BO! LAY IT INTO HIM! HE AINT PULLIN' A DEAL LIKE THIS ON US! KNOCK THE CASH OUTTA HIM IF YOU HAVE TO!

GET OUTTA MY WAY!



ALL RIGHT, YOU ASKED FOR IT! I'LL BLAST YOU GUYS OUTTA HERE!

WATCH OUT BO! HE'S GOT A GUN!

GET HIM, SAD EYE! HE'S GONNA SHOOT!



OH NO YOU DON'T! I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF THIS HEATER RIGHT ACROSS THE ... ARGGGGH!!

I COULDN'T HELP IT, BO! HE WAS GONNA KILL ME! I HAD TO TURN THE MUZZLE TOWARD HIM!



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO NOW?

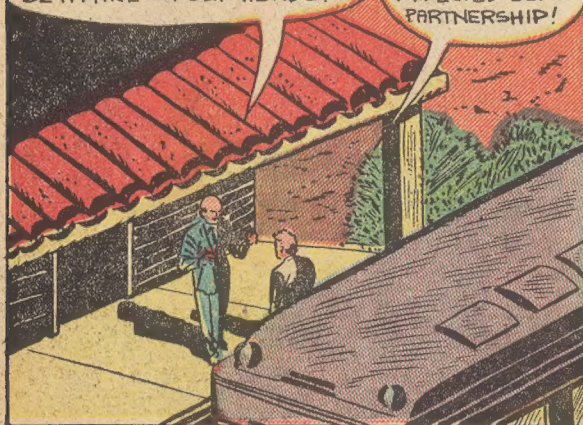
BEAT IT OUTTA HERE, THAT'S WHAT! I'M TAKING THE CASH IN THE BAG ... IT BELONGS TO US! GRAB THE GUN, BO...WE'RE GONNA HIGH-TAIL IT OUTTA THIS TOWN!!



LATER AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT.....

THIS IS OUR BEST BET, KID! WE'VE BECOME HUNTED KILLERS! BEFORE THE SUN SETS THERE'LL BE A PRICE ON OUR HEADS!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, SAD EYE! THIS ISN'T WHAT I EXPECTED OUT OF PARTNERSHIP!



CAN THEY HOLD US FOR MURDER, SAD EYE?

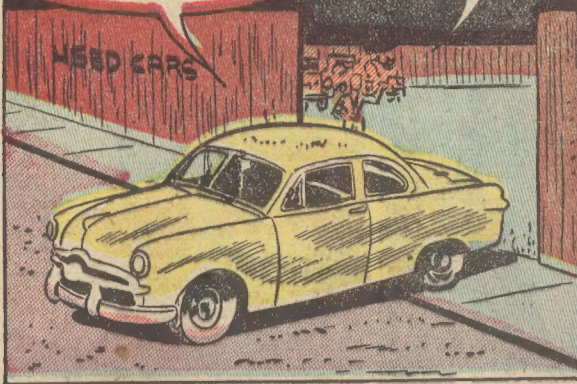
IT'S BETTER THIS WAY, BO! DON'T BE NERVOUS! WE'RE WANTED FOR MURDER SO WE CAN DO ANYTHING NOW! WE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE! THEY CAN PUT US AWAY FOR ONE MURDER JUST AS WELL AS FOR TEN.



AFTER TRAVELING A GOOD DISTANCE, SAD EYE TOBIAS AND BO ARDLUM SLIPPED OFF THE TRAIN, AND HEADED FOR A USED CAR LOT IN A NEW TOWN!

SEE! WITH OUR STAKE WE CAN DO ANYTHING! NOW WE GOT THIS CAR WE CAN THINK OF BIGGER THINGS! WE CAN PULL ANY KIND OF A JOB!

ALL I WANT TO DO IS FORGET THAT GUY THAT GOT KILLED AT THE CIRCUS!



JACK 'SAD EYE' TOBIAS AND BO ARDLUM HOLED UP AT A HOTEL IN THE CENTER OF TOWN.....

WHAT'S THE MATTER SAD EYE? WHAT ARE YOU PUTTING THE WHAMMY ON NOW?

COME HERE BO! I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!



SO WHAT! IT'S AN ARMORED CAR FROM THE BANK! IT GOES PAST HERE EVERY NIGHT!

YEAH, AND ONE NIGHT ME AND YOU IS GONNA KNOCK OFF THAT CAR!

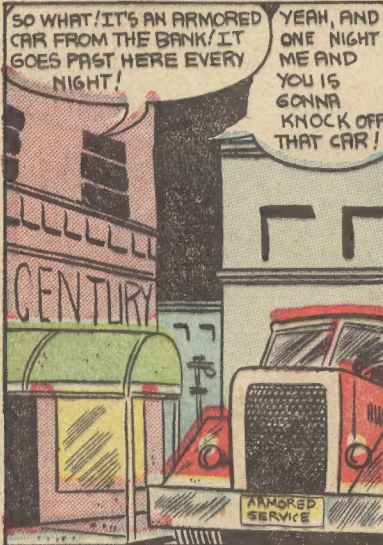
WE DONT KNOW NOTHING ABOUT PICKING OFF AN ARMORED CAR, SAD EYE! WHY GET US IN MORE TROUBLE THAN WE ARE NOW? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME, KID! I'LL HANDLE THE WHOLE DEAL!

ONE NIGHT, A FEW DAYS LATER.....

NOW STAY ON YOUR TOES, BO! I'M GONNA FAKE BEING HIT BY THE CAR! THEY'LL HAVE TO GET OUT! KEEP THE GUN HANDY!

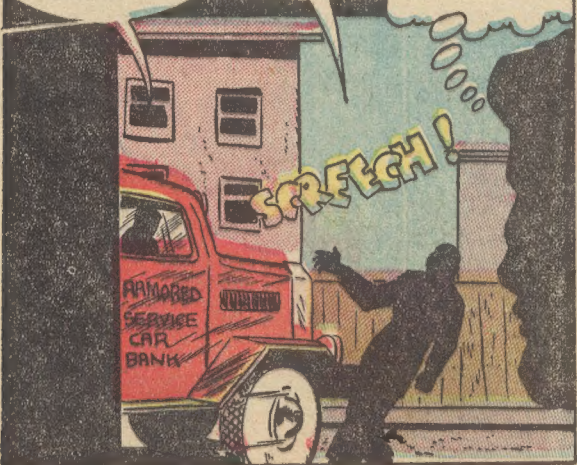
I DONT LIKE IT, BUT I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER GUY!



THAT GUY STEPPING OUT FROM THE CURB! WE'RE GOING TO HIT HIM!

WATCH OUT! YIIIEE!

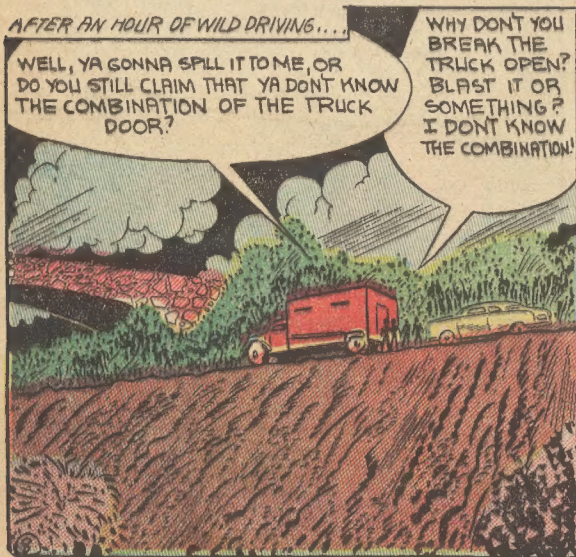
I THINK HE'S GONNA GET AWAY WITH IT! WHAT AN ACTOR!



HOLD TIGHT BILL! I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THIS GUY AND SEE HOW BAD HE'S HURT! WE MAY HAVE TO RUSH HIM TO A HOSPITAL!

THE SUCKERS FALLING FOR IT!





LATER

THAT'S ENOUGH, BO! I'M BEGINNING TO THINK THOSE GUYS DON'T KNOW THE COMBINATION! FOLLOW ME! WE'LL DRIVE SOMEWHERE AND CRACK THIS TIN CAN OPEN!

YOU'RE THE BOSS, SAD EYE!



HOURS LATER..

THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO TRY IT BO! GET THE MOTOR OF THE OTHER CAR WARNED UP, SO WE'LL BE READY TO FOLLOW THIS TIN CAN DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN!

OKAY, SAD EYE!



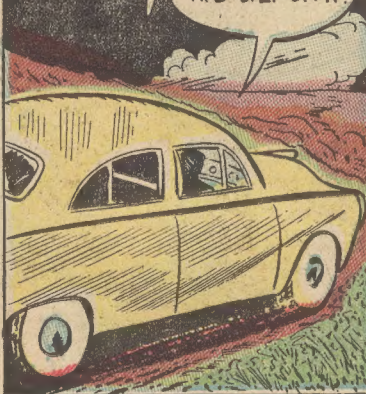
HERE GOES NOTHING, BO! THIS TRUCK OUGHT TO SPLIT APART LIKE A CRATE OF EGGS WHEN IT HITS BOTTOM!

JUMP!
SAD EYE
JUMP!!



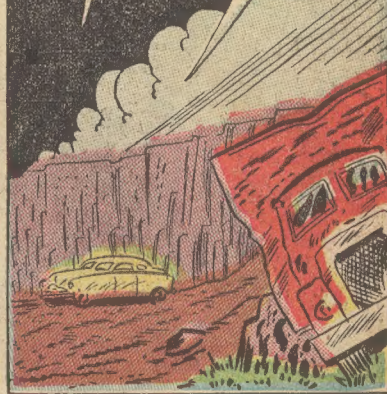
BROTHER, IT'S GETTING A REAL GOING OVER, GOING DOWN THAT MOUNTAIN! THE DOUGH OUGHT TO BE SPILLING OUT BY THE TIME WE GET THERE!

STOP TALKING,
AND STEP ON IT!



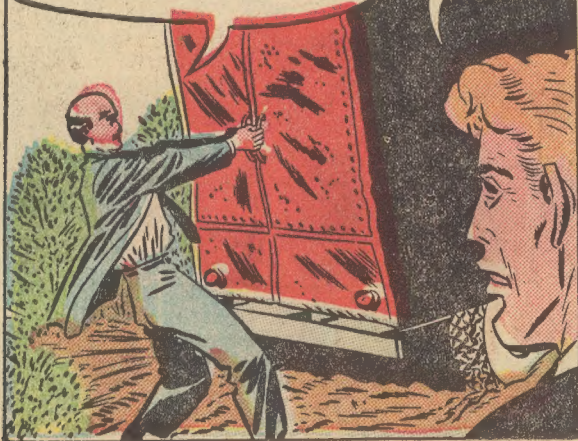
SHE LANDED RIGHT ON HER WHEELS SAD EYE!

THAT DON'T MEAN NOTHING! THE LOCK ON THE DOORS IS PROBABLY CRACKED OPEN! C'MON!



NO GOOD! IT'S WEDGED TIGHTER NOW THAN EVER! I'M BEGINNING TO WISH I'D NEVER GIVEN UP PUTTING THE WHAMMY ON FIGHTERS WITH MY EYES!

WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO NOW SAD EYES?

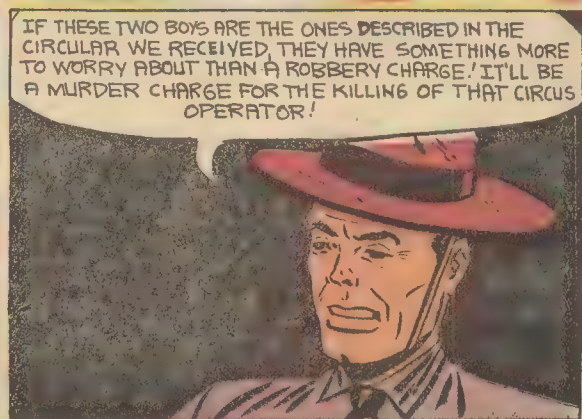
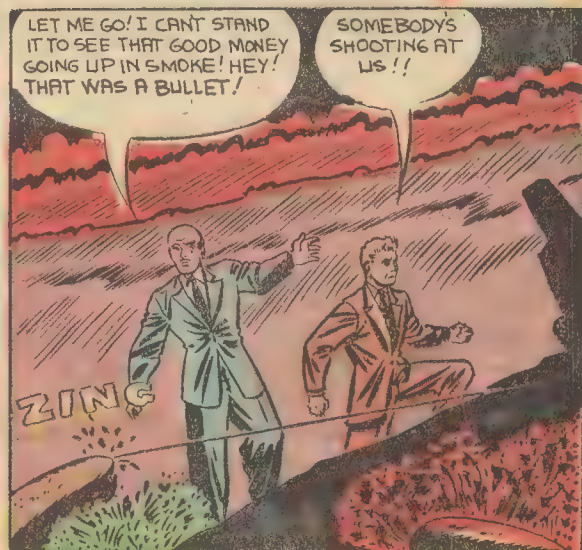
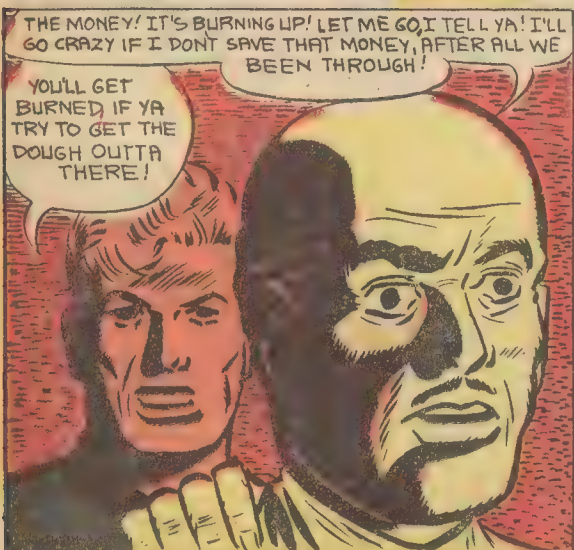
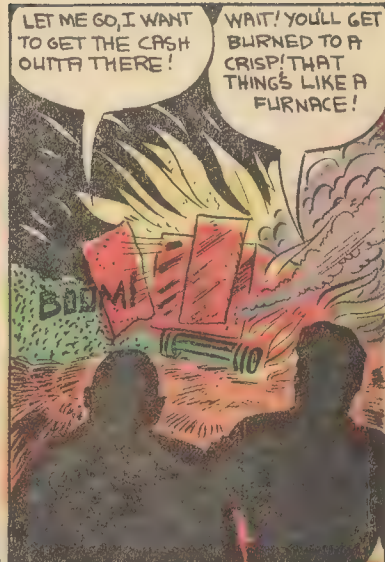
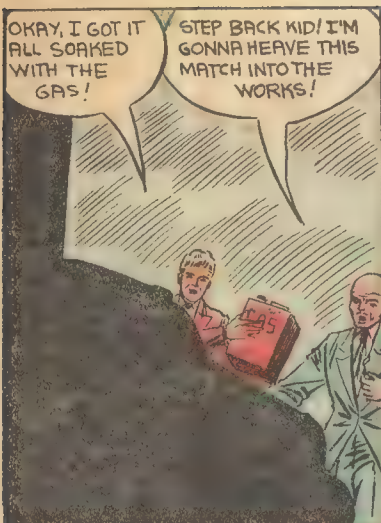


THERE'S A FIVE GALLON CAN OF GAS IN THE TRUNK OF THE CAR! WE'LL GIVE THE ARMORED CAR A DOUSING THEN SET IT AFIRE! MAYBE WE CAN MELT IT DOWN!

YEAH! MAYBE THAT'LL WORK!



MOMENTS LATER...



'SAD EYE' TOBIAS AND BO ARDLUM WERE NEVER TRIED ON THE ROBBERY CHARGE! THEY WERE FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE...AND PAID IN FULL FOR THEIR CRIME!

THE END!

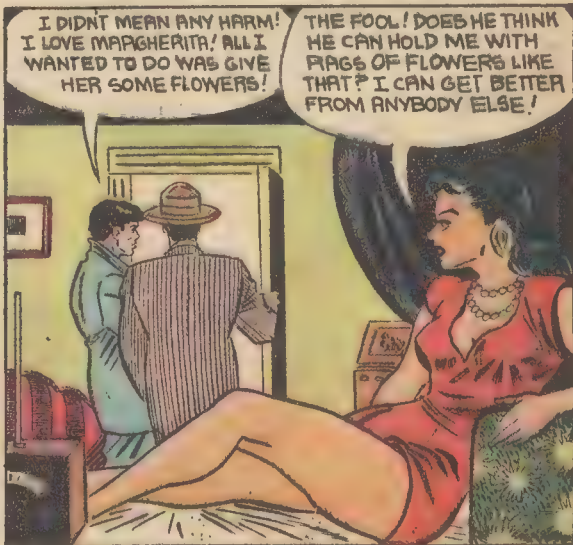
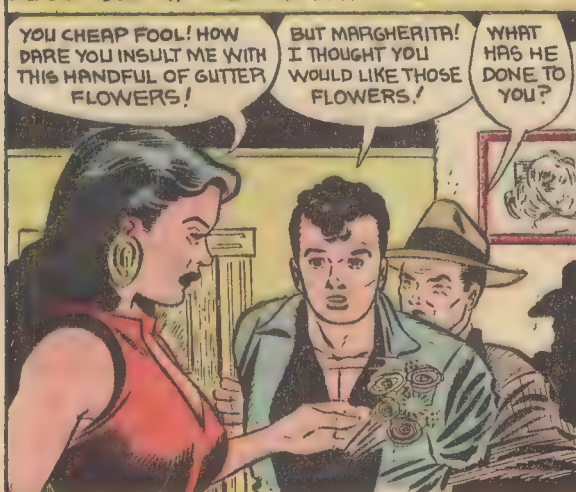
LOUIS BANDOLO.....

BOUQUET OF DEATH!



THE STORY OF LOUIS BANDOLO IS THE STORY OF A QUIET MAN WHO WAS GOADED BY A GRASPING AND DISSATISFIED WOMAN INTO CLUTCHING FOR A BIT OF THE FORBIDDEN WORLD THAT WOMEN DREAM ABOUT. LOUIS BANDOLO WAS DRIVEN TO ADMINISTERING DEATH, WHEN HE GRASPED FOR THE TINSSEL OF THE DREAM. HE CAME AWAY WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS... THE BOUQUET OF DEATH!

UP UNTIL THAT FATEFUL DAY IN SEPTEMBER OF 1938, THE LIFE OF LOUIS BANDOLO HAD BEEN A QUIET AND UNEVENTFUL ONE.



LOUIS BANDOLO LEARNED THAT LOVE CAN DRIVE A MAN TO DOING STRANGE THINGS... EVEN TO HUNTING FOR A BOUQUET OF DEATH! IT WAS SEPTEMBER, 1938, AND LOUIS BANDOLO WAS TAUGHT THAT A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS WAS NOT ENOUGH!

A MOMENT LATER...

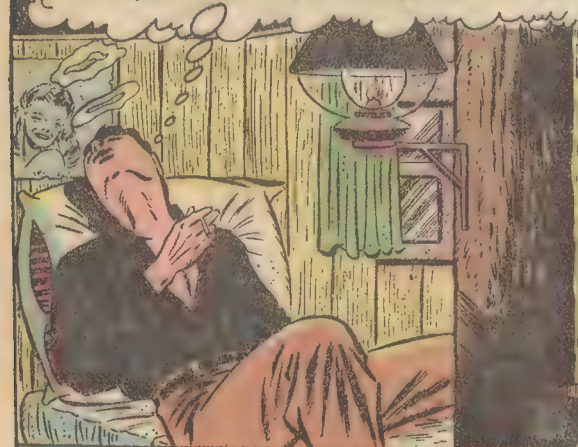
OUCH! THAT WAS A HARD SMACK TO THE JAW! THAT WASN'T RIGHT OF HIM! I MEANT WELL... GIVING THE FLOWERS TO MARGHERITA! I COULDN'T SAY TO HER I DIDN'T HAVE THE MONEY TO BUY HER A MORE EXPENSIVE BOUQUET!

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I CAN'T LOSE MARGHERITA TO SOME OTHER GUY! I HEARD HER SAY SHE CAN GET BETTER FROM SOMEBODY ELSE! SOMEBODY WHO CAN GIVE HER A BIGGER AND BETTER BOUQUET!

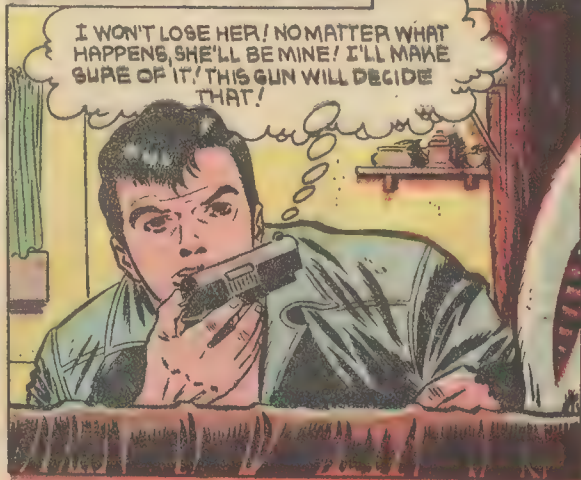
THERE! THE NEXT TIME YOU WANT TRY TO HUMILIATE MY SISTER BY BRINGING HER SUCH PUNY FLOWERS! BUT I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING WRONG!



SOME DAY I WILL MAKE HER MINE... MY MARGHERITA... AND BRING HER HOME TO MY CASTLE TO BE MY QUEEN! THEN THESE TROUBLES ABOUT A SMALL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS WILL BE FORGOTTEN!

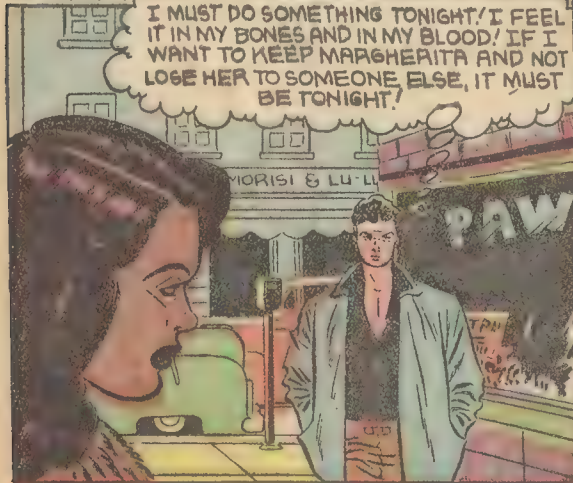


ALL THAT DAY AND EVENING, LOUIS BANDOLO BROODED, HE WAS A MISERABLE MAN IN LOVE, DAWNEN FRANTIC BY HIS DESIRE TO WIN HIS GIRL'S FAVOR!



I WON'T LOSE HER! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, SHE'LL BE MINE! I'LL MAKE SURE OF IT! THIS GUN WILL DECIDE THAT!

LOUIS BANDOLO LEFT HIS SQUALID APARTMENT AND SNEAKED INTO THE NIGHT DESPERATE, YET GRIPPED BY FEAR...

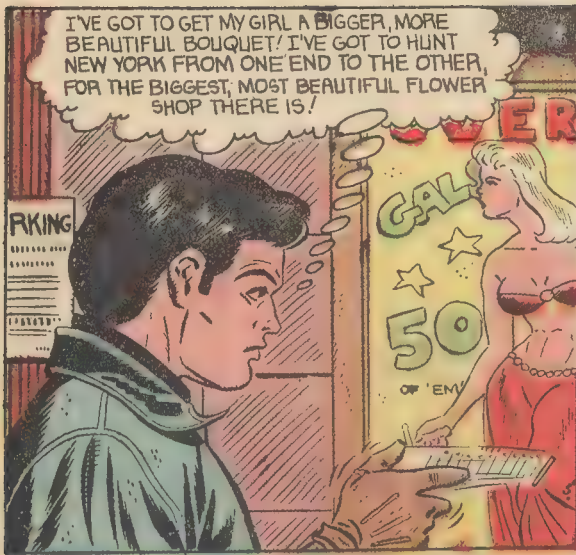


I MUST DO SOMETHING TONIGHT! I FEEL IT IN MY BONES AND IN MY BLOOD! IF I WANT TO KEEP MARGHERITA AND NOT LOSE HER TO SOMEONE ELSE, IT MUST BE TONIGHT!

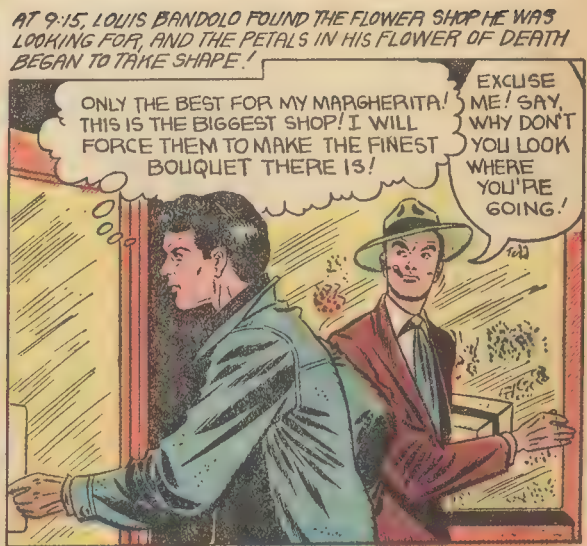
LATER...



THIS PACK OF FOOLS! ALL OUT FOR A GOOD TIME WITH SILVER IN THEIR POCKETS, WHILE I STRUGGLE ALONG HOPING FOR SOME FLOWERS! I'M JAMMED IN BY PEOPLE, YET I AM COLD AND ALONE!



I'VE GOT TO GET MY GIRL A BIGGER, MORE BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET! I'VE GOT TO HUNT NEW YORK FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER, FOR THE BIGGEST, MOST BEAUTIFUL FLOWER SHOP THERE IS!



ONLY THE BEST FOR MY MARGHERITA! THIS IS THE BIGGEST SHOP! I WILL FORCE THEM TO MAKE THE FINEST BOUQUET THERE IS!

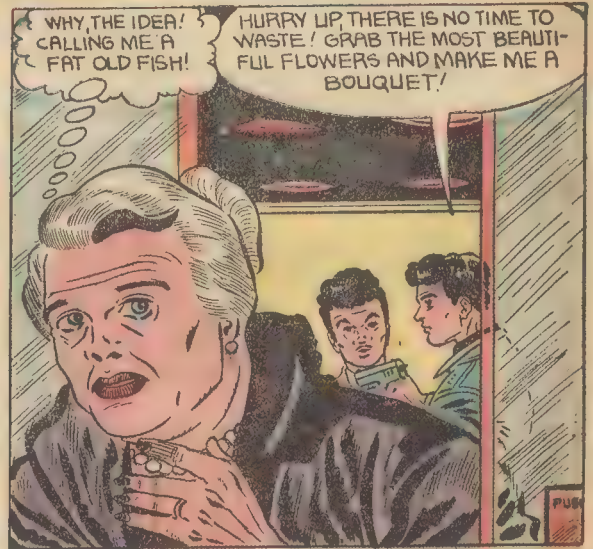
EXCUSE ME! SAY, WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



PLEASE... OH.. PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!

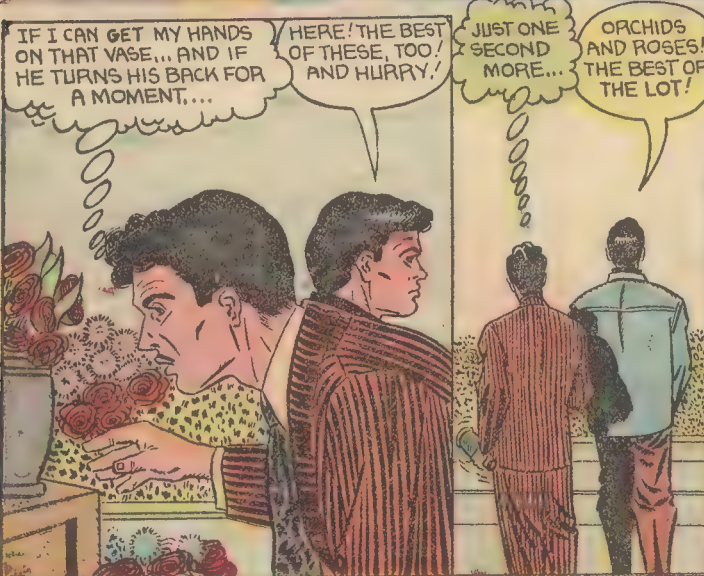
YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE! THERE IS NOT ENOUGH MONEY HERE TO INTEREST YOU!

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN MONEY!!! YOU - FAT OLD FISH - GET OUT!



WHY, THE IDEA! CALLING ME A FAT OLD FISH!

HURRY UP, THERE IS NO TIME TO WASTE! GRAB THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS AND MAKE ME A BOUQUET!

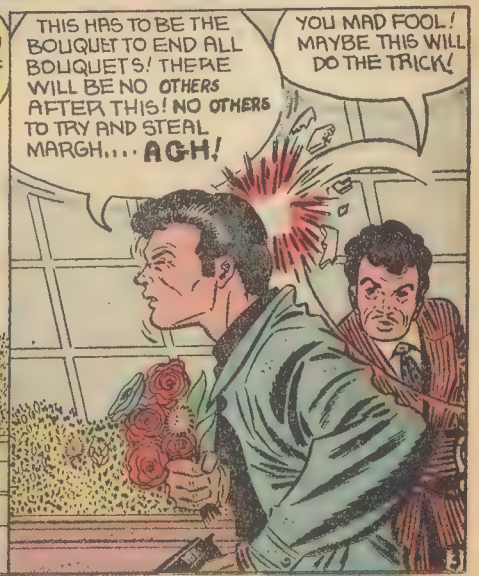


IF I CAN GET MY HANDS ON THAT VASE... AND IF HE TURNS HIS BACK FOR A MOMENT...

HERE! THE BEST OF THESE, TOO! AND HURRY!

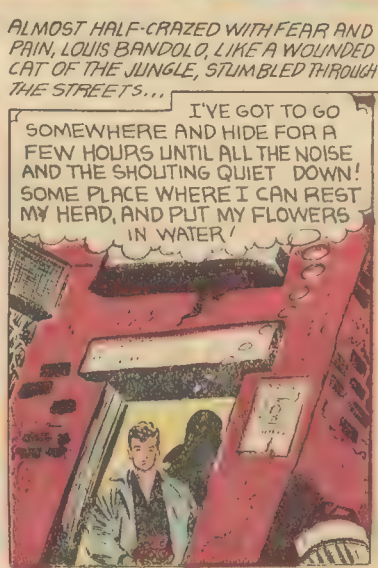
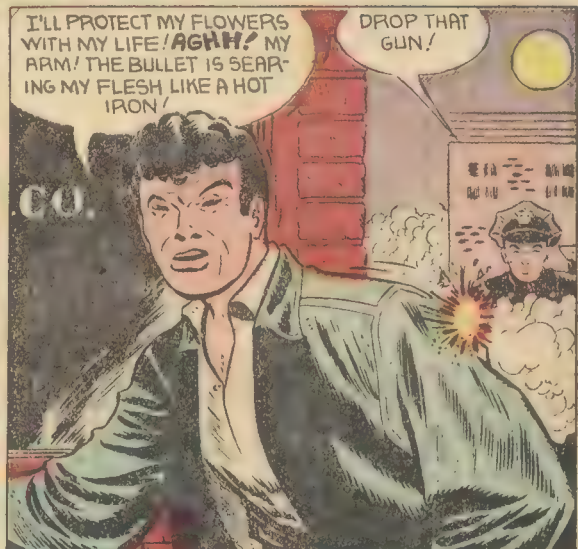
JUST ONE SECOND MORE...

ORCHIDS AND ROSES! THE BEST OF THE LOT!

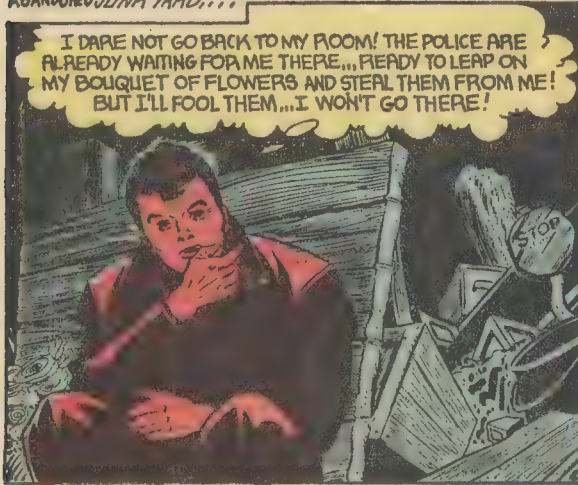


THIS HAS TO BE THE BOUQUET TO END ALL BOUQUETS! THERE WILL BE NO OTHERS AFTER THIS! NO OTHERS TO TRY AND STEAL MARGH... AGH!

YOU MAD FOOL! MAYBE THIS WILL DO THE TRICK!



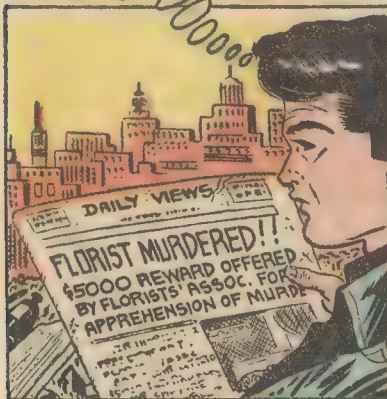
THAT NIGHT BEGAN A MANHUNT FOR LOUIS BANDOLO... A WRETHED MAN WHO FOUND LODGING FOR THE NIGHT IN AN ABANDONED JUNK YARD...



SLOWLY THE HOURS OF THE NIGHT WENT BY! WHEN MORNING CAME, LOUIS' ARM STIFFENED FROM THE BULLET WOUND.....



FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND JUST FOR ME! THEY DON'T CARE IF I AM DEAD OR ALIVE, ONLY SO THEY GET ME FOR TAKING ONE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS! WHERE... WHERE CAN I TURN NOW?



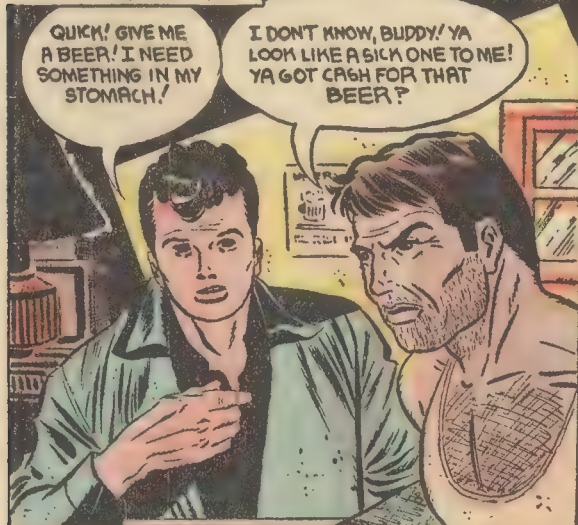
I NO LONGER HAVE ANY FRIENDS! WHO WOULDN'T TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY? IF IT WERE SOMEONE ELSE, I WOULD BE TEMPTED TO FIGHT FOR THE MONEY MYSELF, AND TURN IN SOME POOR BEGGAR!



LATE THAT AFTERNOON, IT RAINED. WET AND WEAK, LOUIS BANDOLO HUDDLED THERE. WHEN IT BECAME DARK, HE SNEAKED OUT INTO THE NIGHT, AND HEADED FOR THE WATERFRONT.....

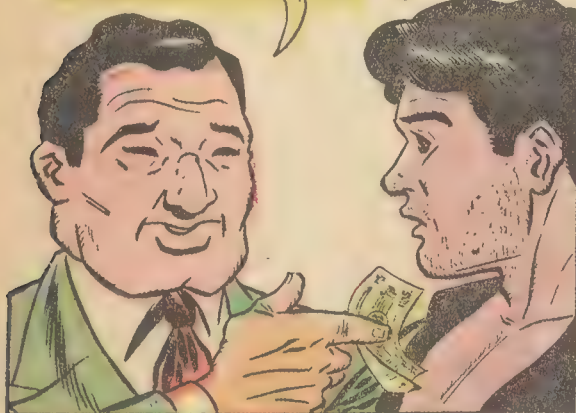


A FEW MINUTES LATER...



TAKE IT OUT OF THAT, JOE! IT'S MY TREAT, FRIEND! LET ME BUY YOU SOMETHING THAT WILL TAKE THE CURVE OUT OF YOUR SPINE, AND STRAIGHTEN YOUR SHOULDERS!

WHAT? OH, YES, THANK YOU! I COULD DO WITH SOMETHING!!

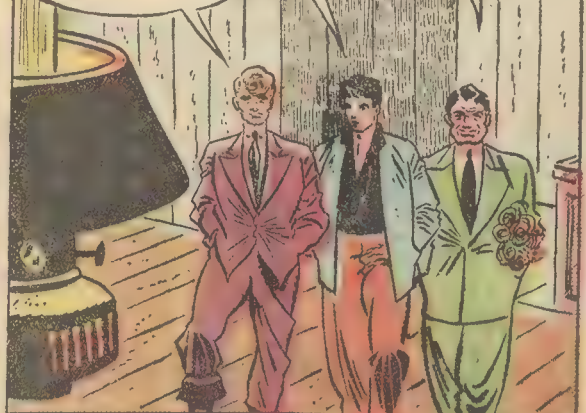


MANY DRINKS LATER...

THAT BOUQUET OF FLOWERS WILL MAKE THE PAINTING PERFECT!

WHY DO YOU WEAR THOSE BOOTS?

THAT IS TO KEEP HIM FROM STEPPING IN THE MUCK THAT IS THE EARTH!



BUT I MUST GET SOMETHING TO EAT! I'M DYING ...MY ARM...MY LEGS! THE POLICE ARE AFTER ME!

SHUT UP! I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR BORING HISTORY! YOU'RE GOING WITH US TO THE STUDIO... WHERE I MUST WORK!



LATER...IN A DECREPT HOUSE THAT LOOKED OUT ON THE WATERFRONT.....

ALL I WANTED WAS JUST A BOUQUET, AND NOW THE SHOOTING PAINS IN THE ARM! WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE!

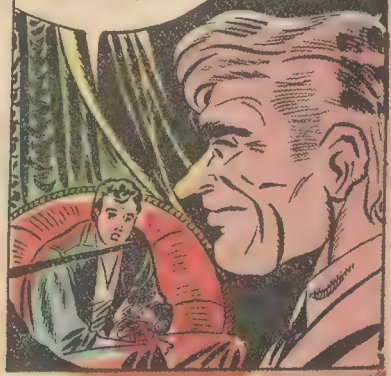
BUT WE ARE DOING HIM A FAVOR, ARE WE NOT, CHARLIE? THE POLICE WOULD NEVER LOOK FOR HIM HERE!



IN THE STUDIO...

BUT I AM A HUNGRY, WANTED MAN! MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER TO GET OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE AND GO TO THE POLICE!

NIGHTMARE! WHAT A TITLE! EXCELLENT!



THERE IS A \$5000 REWARD ON MY HEAD! JUST TAKE ME OUT OF HERE AND GIVE ME TO THE POLICE!

LISTEN TO THE LITTLE GENTLEMAN RAVE! DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR! HA HA HA HA! I'LL BE BACK, DOBNEY! GONNA KEEP MY EYES OPEN FOR YOUR NEXT SUBJECT!



GO TO IT, CHARLIE!

THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME! AND, ALL FOR A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS!



SLOWLY, THE TORTUROUS HOURS ATE THEMSELVES AWAY...



I AM WEAK FROM HUNGER! WHY DON'T YOU FEED ME? WHY DON'T YOU LET ME GO?

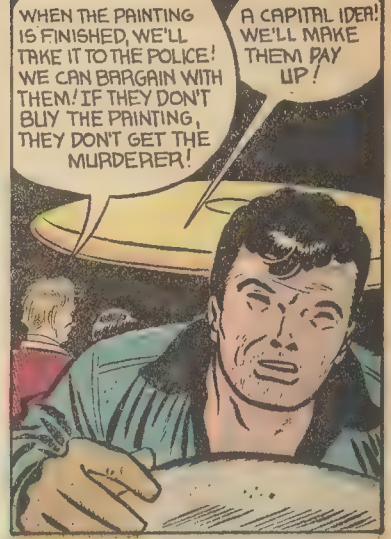
BE QUIET, YOU FOOL! YOU ARE BECOMING TIRED-SOME! YOU WON'T LEAVE UNTIL I FINISH MY MASTERPIECE!

THEN, IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING...



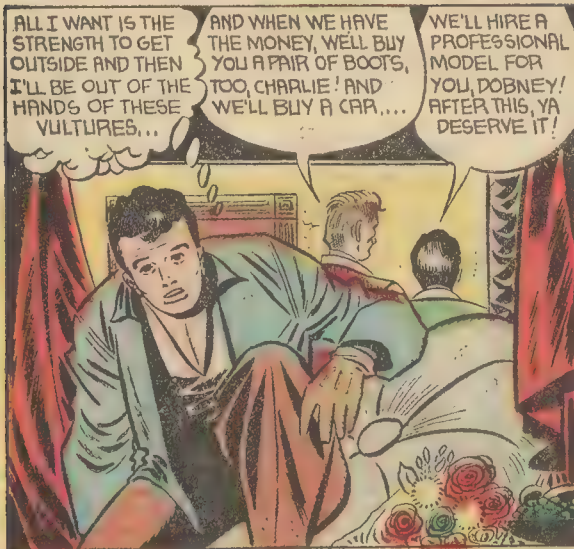
THE BEGGAR WASN'T LYING, DOBNEY! IT'S IN ALL THE PAPERS! HE'S A COLD-BLOODED MURDERER! A PRICE OF FIVE THOUSAND ON HIS HEAD!

MY MASTERPIECE WILL BE WORTH EVEN MORE! WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK!



WHEN THE PAINTING IS FINISHED, WE'LL TAKE IT TO THE POLICE! WE CAN BARGAIN WITH THEM! IF THEY DON'T BUY THE PAINTING, THEY DON'T GET THE MURDERER!

A CAPITAL IDEA! WE'LL MAKE THEM PAY UP!



ALL I WANT IS THE STRENGTH TO GET OUTSIDE AND THEN I'LL BE OUT OF THE HANDS OF THESE VULTURES...

AND WHEN WE HAVE THE MONEY, WE'LL BUY YOU A PAIR OF BOOTS, TOO, CHARLIE! AND WE'LL BUY A CAR...

WE'LL HIRE A PROFESSIONAL MODEL FOR YOU, DOBNEY! AFTER THIS, YA DESERVE IT!



I'VE GOT TO SUMMON COURAGE AND STRENGTH! THIS WEAKNESS MUST BE FOUGHT! I MUST... I MUST GET OUT OF HERE AND TRY TO TAKE THE FLOWERS TO MARGHERITA!



HIDE MAYBE... AND SEND THE FLOWERS WITH A MESSENGER
.... **AIEEE!**



A MOMENT LATER...

MAYBE IF I GO TO FRIENDS, THEY WILL HELP ME! I WANT ONLY TO SLEEP AND EAT AND TO GIVE THESE FLOWERS TO MARGHERITA AND SHOW HER THAT I LOVE HER!



LATER, THE DELUDED LOUIS BANDOLO WAS TO LEARN THAT HIS FRIENDS HAD DESERTED HIM.....

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU MURDERER! DON'T BRING THE POLICE DOWN ON MY HEAD! HOW DO I KNOW YOU WON'T SLIT MY THROAT WHILE I SLEEP?

I'LL GO! I MUST REST!

ONCE AGAIN, LOUIS BANDOLO WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT.....



DON'T LET HIM NOTICE ME, THAT'S ALL I ASK! MY GUN IS READY BUT I DON'T WANT TO USE IT ANY MORE, FOR I HAVE MY FLOWERS! OOH HH...MY ARM,...THE DIZZINESS!



JUST A DIME...HIC...FOR A CUP OF COFFEE!

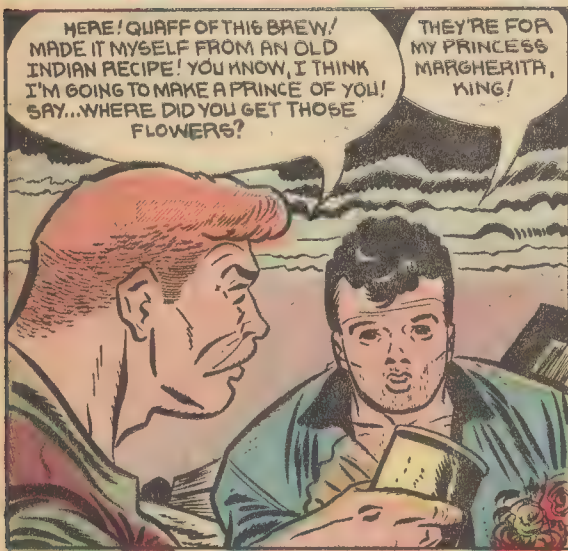
GO AWAY...AWAY! ALL I WANT MYSELF IS TO HAVE THAT CUP OF COFFEE!

LATER, LOUIS RETURNED TO HIS PLACE OF REFUGE....



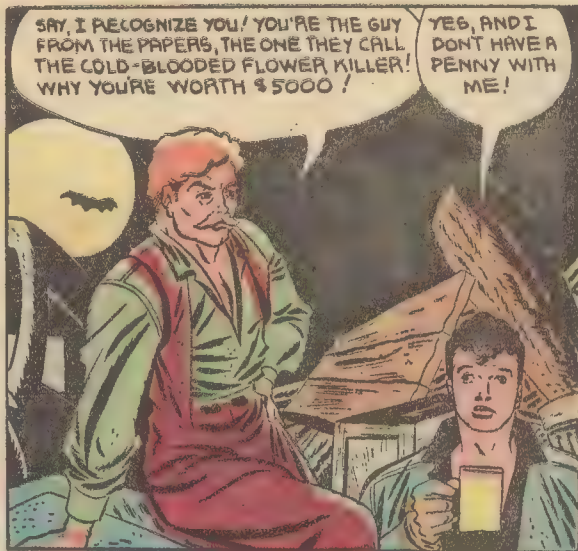
WHY...GOD... DID ALL THIS HAPPEN TO ME?

STOP WEEPING, MY FRIEND! I AM THE KING OF THIS DOMAIN AND I WILL PERMIT NO UNHAPPY SUBJECTS! I WELCOME YOU AS A HAPPY SUBJECT! ONE MOMENT!



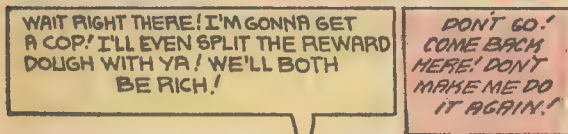
HERE! QUAFF OF THIS BREW! MADE IT MYSELF FROM AN OLD INDIAN RECIPE! YOU KNOW, I THINK I'M GOING TO MAKE A PRINCE OF YOU! SAY...WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE FLOWERS?

THEY'RE FOR MY PRINCESS MARGHERITA, KING!



SAY, I RECOGNIZE YOU! YOU'RE THE GUY FROM THE PAPERS, THE ONE THEY CALL THE COLD-BLOODED FLOWER KILLER! WHY YOU'RE WORTH \$5000!

YES, AND I DON'T HAVE A PENNY WITH ME!



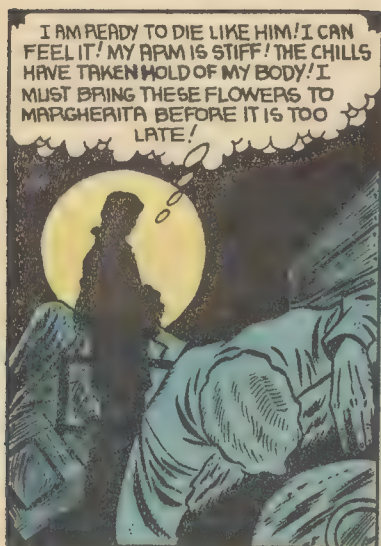
WAIT RIGHT THERE! I'M GONNA GET A COP! I'LL EVEN SPLIT THE REWARD DOUGH WITH YA! WE'LL BOTH BE RICH!

DON'T GO! COME BACK HERE! DON'T MAKE ME DO IT AGAIN!



ALTHOUGH YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SPEND YOUR A.... AGGARHH!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO TRY AND RUN TO THE POLICE! I HAVEN'T GIVEN MARGHERITA HER FLOWERS YET!!



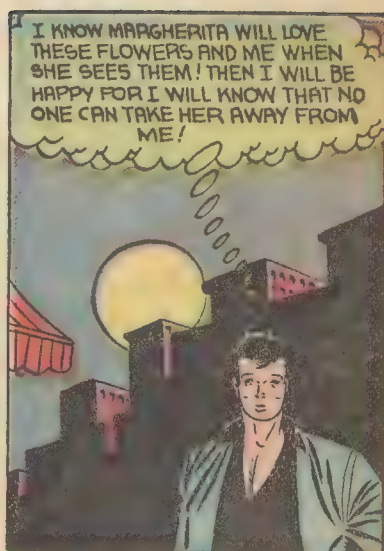
I AM READY TO DIE LIKE HIM! I CAN FEEL IT! MY ARM IS STIFF! THE CHILLS HAVE TAKEN HOLD OF MY BODY! I MUST BRING THESE FLOWERS TO MARGHERITA BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!

AT THAT MOMENT.....



I KNOW HE'LL COME! YOU WON'T LET HIM HURT ME, WILL YOU?

YOU WILL HAVE A GUARD DETAILLED TO YOU UNTIL HE IS APPREHENDED! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!

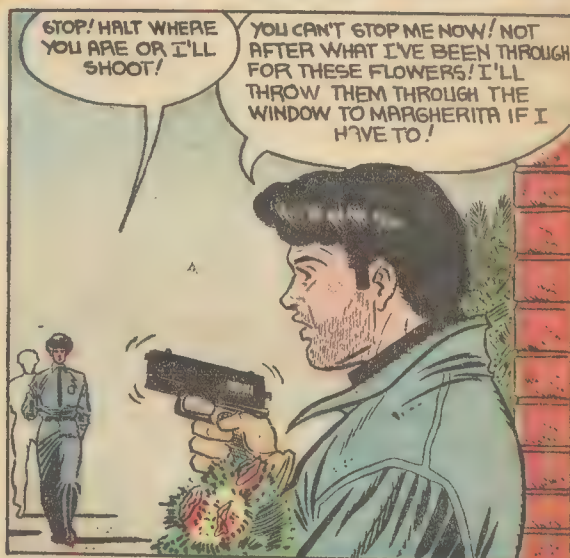


I KNOW MARGHERITA WILL LOVE THESE FLOWERS AND ME WHEN SHE SEES THEM! THEN I WILL BE HAPPY FOR I WILL KNOW THAT NO ONE CAN TAKE HER AWAY FROM ME!

LOUIS BANDOLO BROKE INTO A STUMBLING RUN AS HE APPROACHED THE HOUSE OF GIRL HE HAD KILLED FOR. HE WAS RUSHING TO MEET HIS DEATH.



THERE IS A LIGHT IN HER WINDOW! SHE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR ME ALL THIS TIME! I WILL PUT THIS BOUQUET AT HER FEET!



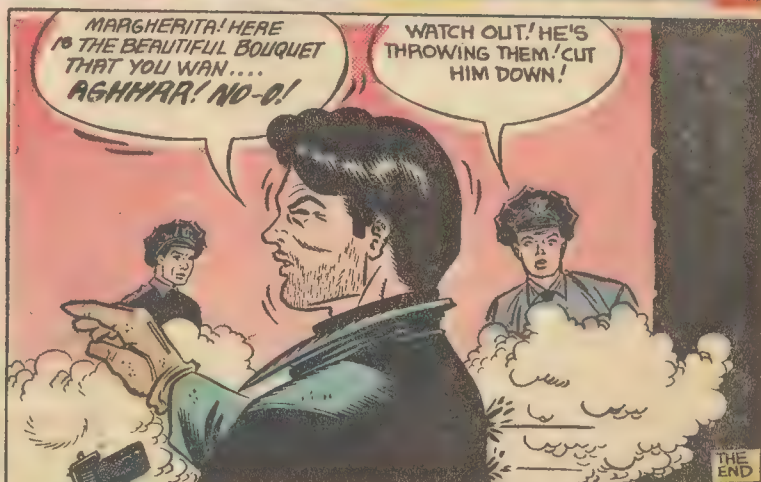
STOP! HALT WHERE YOU ARE OR I'LL SHOOT!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW! NOT AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH FOR THESE FLOWERS! I'LL THROW THEM THROUGH THE WINDOW TO MARGHERITA IF I HAVE TO!



HE'S GOT A GUN! THERE MAY BE A BOMB IN THOSE FLOWERS!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW!



MARGHERITA! HERE IS THE BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET THAT YOU WANT....
AGHHH! NO-O!

WATCH OUT! HE'S THROWING THEM! CUT HIM DOWN!

THIS DID THE CUPIDITY OF A WOMAN BRING LOUIS BANDOLO TO THE DEATH THAT CLAIMED HIM -- A DEATH THAT WAS PAYMENT FOR THE MURDERS HE HAD COMMITTED... FOR A BOUQUET OF DEATH!

THE END

Murder That Backfired

THE YOUNGER of the two thugs was about 24, a mountain of a youngster and plenty tough. His companion, some ten years older, perhaps, was just as tough and just as deadly, but without the strength. But how much strength does it take to pull a trigger?

It was well into the afternoon of September 3, 1946, at the Roy Caffery used-car lot, in San Francisco, when the two men entered, looking casually over the models outside the office building. At that moment Thomas Schmidt, sales manager for the company, approached the two. He had seen them earlier that day and had practically sold them a car. Now he smiled as he approached, for he sensed a possible sale.

Schmidt stuck out his hand toward the older of the men. "Well, I hope you've decided to buy that model," he said agreeably.

"Sure thing," replied Mike Green. "Me and Harry has decided to take it. We're gonna need some financing, though."

"That most likely can be arranged," said Schmidt. "Come on into the office and I'll make out your application for a bank loan."

Inside the small building, Schmidt spoke to Samuel Case, the bookkeeper. "Those loan forms, Sam," he said.

"In the cupboard under the counter," the bookkeeper replied without looking up from his work.

Schmidt whistled softly through his teeth as he bent over to reach into the cupboard. When he straightened up again, the whistling stopped abruptly, for he was staring into the muzzle of an automatic.

"Get 'em up," snarled Green. "And turn over the dough!"

For just a moment Schmidt hesitated, then with a cry of rage, he lurched forward toward the thugs. "You'll get it, all right," he snarled, "with a smash in the jaw!"

The brave manager's fist doubled and shot forward. But at that moment the gun in Green's hand barked and flame belched. Thrice more the angered killer fired, but the first shot had pierced Schmidt's brain, and even then he was dead!

The two murderous thugs looked about them. Outside there were signs of interest in the shooting. "Come on," said Green. His companion, Harry Trask, the mountainous youth, sprang for the door.

Their car was parked at the curb and the two got in. Green had left his keys in the ignition and before the startled crowd that was collecting knew what it was about, the blue Ford touring car leaped from the curb and sped down the street.

At that moment a boy named Paul Daniels was going home from school. He saw the men rush out from the office and he had heard the shots. He took a good look at the fleeing thugs, and, moreover, he took down the license number. It was to become the most important clue in the whole crime, for, though there were several persons who had seen the thugs and one, Samuel Case, the company bookkeeper, who had seen the shooting, so great was the shock and confusion that not one other reliable description was available.

Police traced the license number to the own-

er, who, strangely, was Green himself. It was not a stolen car. Investigation at Green's residence revealed, according to neighbors, that he had gone away. Since he had not reported his car as stolen, police figured correctly that he was one of the killers.

Quick thinking on the part of the police, who had learned the escape car had not passed the road block to the north, determined that the killers would be heading for Los Angeles. Estimating the time elapsed since the pair had escaped, they knew if they worked fast they might intercept the vehicle before it had to stop for gas.

Sergeant Oliver Hall of the police of an outlying town got the message. "All my men are out on detail," he told the San Francisco police. "I'll take it myself."

Sergeant Hall thought he had missed the car. He had waited at the main highway intersection for a long while. And then it happened! A blue Ford whizzed past him. He stepped on the starter of his motorcycle, opened up the throttle and sped down the highway. It did not take him long to overtake the escape car. He ordered it to the roadside. When the driver failed to stop, Hall drew his gun. The driver of the car braked and turned toward the side of the road.

"What's the idea?" demanded Green. The officer noticed that the driver was alone in the vehicle.

"You'll find out at headquarters," Hall answered in clipped tones.

Leaving a sullen prisoner at police headquarters, locked up where he would be unable to escape, Hall returned to the vehicle. He found the murder weapon tucked under a seat. But, investigating further, he suddenly saw a form move under a canvas cover that draped

from the rear seat. Uncovering the seat he found the huge Trask, half under the seat itself.

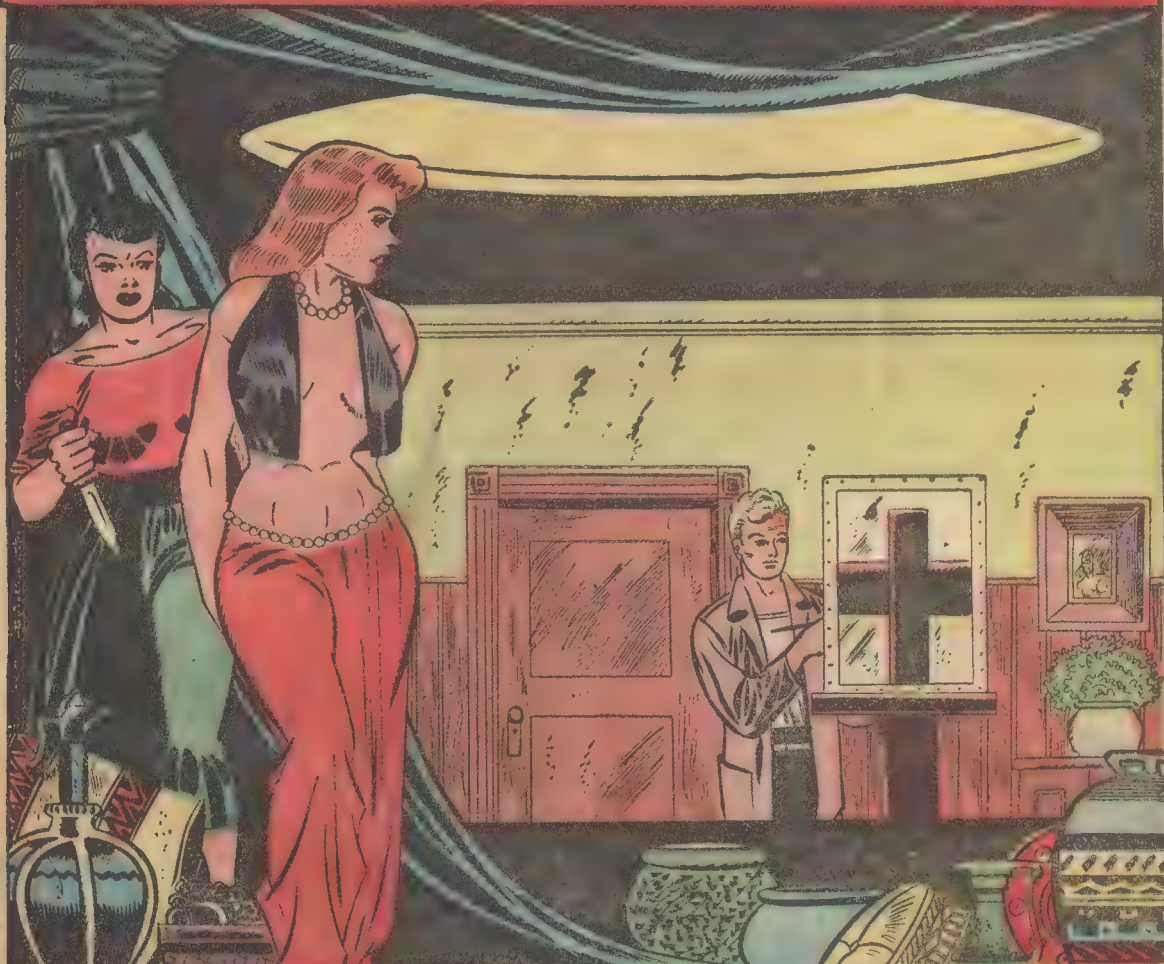
Hall reached for his gun, but the murderous Trask opened fire at once and, cursing, leaped to the driver's seat. He pushed away the wounded officer, who now was bleeding profusely at the neck. Hall sank to the ground. Scarcely able to move, he somehow reached the side of the road, where some moments later a passing truck rescued him, and phoned for help. Hall was in bad shape, but he was able to pass on the word of Trask's escape.

Relentless grilling got the information out of Green that his partner was a heavy drinker. San Francisco police, learning this, sent a squad to cover the taverns. Ceaseless and careful work got results. They learned of Trask's having gone into a tavern near where they had found his abandoned car.

Only one of the squad entered the tavern. The cold-blooded huge killer sat alone at a table. Cautiously, in plain clothes, the officer edged toward the table. When close enough, he grabbed the killer. It was a mad fight, man to man, before the other officers were able to get inside to help their comrade. Even then the bullish heavy killer was a tough job.

Brought to police headquarters, the murderers were grilled and finally gave their signed confessions. Result: A fair trial that sent both killers on December 13, 1946, to San Quentin for the rest of their lives. They did not get a cent for their robbery! They will have plenty of chance to repent their rash and cruel murder! Fortunately, the brave Sergeant Oliver Hall, so critically wounded, fully recovered and was able to resume his duties within a reasonable length of time.

PORTRAIT OF DEATH!



THERE IS TIME TO MURDER AND TO CREATE! TIME FOR TAMARA MURDON TO MURDER AND TIME FOR HER HUSBAND TO CREATE! UNWITTINGLY IN HIS PAINTINGS, THE VICTIMS OF HIS WIFE'S MURDERS! TAMARA, JEALOUS OF THE MODELS WHOM HER HUSBAND PAINTED AND LOVED, DEVISED A SCHEME OF MURDER CALCULATED TO ENSNARE HER HUSBAND AND TIE HIM FOREVER TO HER SIDE! THE JEALOUS RAGE OF TAMARA MURDON DOOMED THE MODELS TO A PLACE IN HER ARTIST-HUSBANDS.....PORTRAIT OF DEATH!!

TAMARA MURDON WAS A STRANGE WOMAN, CAPABLE OF EXCESSES OF LOVE AND HATE!

PUSHING AND JABBING YOU IN THE SIDES ALL THE TIME, LIKE A BALLOON BEING PRAICKED WITH NEEDLES! CAN'T THEY JUST LEAVE ME ALONE? I'M TIRED ENOUGH AT THE END OF THE DAY WITHOUT HAVING TO BE PUSHED AROUND BY THESE SUBWAY CROWDS!



I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE DAY WHEN I WON'T HAVE TO WORK SO HARD TO MAKE MONEY FOR JOHN AND ME! ONCE HE HAS RECOGNITION AS AN ARTIST, I WON'T HAVE TO SACRIFICE MYSELF ANY LONGER!



AS TAMARA MURDON WALKED THE STAIRS TO THE STUDIO APARTMENT WHERE SHE LIVED WITH HER ARTIST HUSBAND, NEITHER OF THEM SUSPECTED THAT HE WAS WORKING ON A **PORTRAIT OF DEATH!**

I'M ALWAYS SO TIRED AND NEVER ABLE TO SLEEP! WHEN WILL IT END? WHEN WILL I GET RELIEF FROM THE POUNDING IN MY TEMPLES? WHAT? WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDS LIKE LAUGHTER COMING FROM THE STUDIO! AND....JOHN'S VOICE!



WE BETTER GET BACK TO WORK, KID! MY WIFE WILL BE HOME IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

YES IT IS MY HUSBAND'S VOICE! MY HUSBAND WHO IS SUPPOSED TO BE SLAVING OVER HIS WORK!

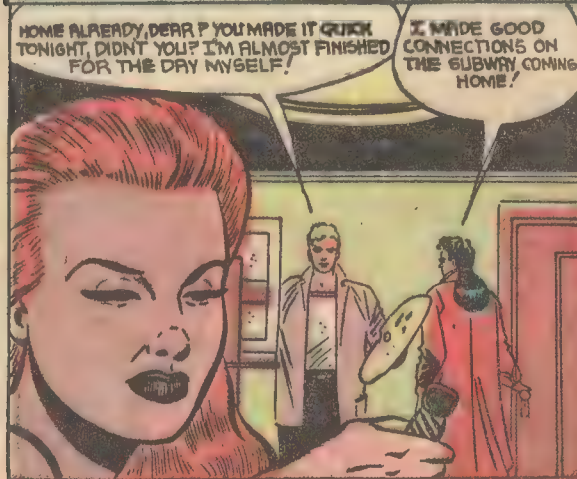


YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOME FAST WORK ON THE PORTRAIT, JOHN, OR YOUR WIFE WILL BEGIN TO SUSPECT!

I MUST NOT LET THEM KNOW THAT I'VE SEEN THEM!



BUTTER, POISED BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE, TAMARA MURDON CLOSED THE DOOR AND WAITED OUT IN THE HALL FOR A FEW MINUTES, AND THEN MADE HER ENTRANCE.



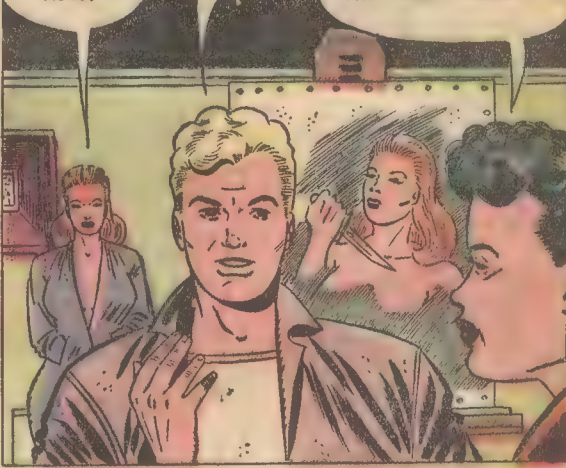
HOME ALREADY, DEAR? YOU MADE IT QUICK TONIGHT, DIDN'T YOU? I'M ALMOST FINISHED FOR THE DAY MYSELF!

I MADE GOOD CONNECTIONS ON THE SUBWAY COMING HOME!

I THINK I'LL CHANGE INTO MY CLOTHES NOW!

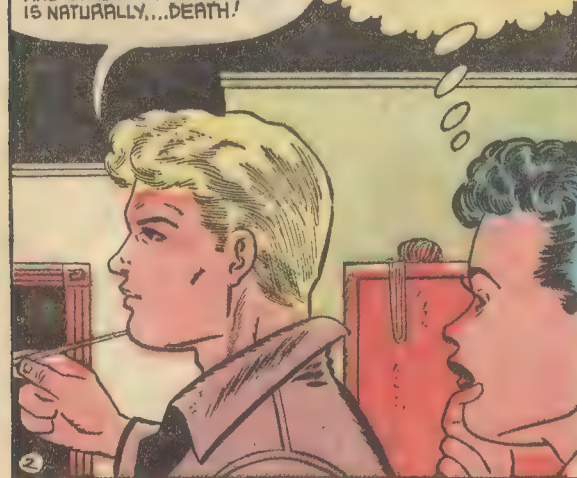
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, TAMARA?

A STRANGE CHOICE OF SUBJECT, JOHN! YOU SEEM TO BE PREOCCUPIED WITH DEATH LATELY!



YES! I SEEM TO BE WORKING IN SOME KIND OF BLACK PERIOD NOW! IT'S ALMOST ALL LIGHT AND SHADOW AND IT'S THEME IS NATURALLY....DEATH!

SHE'S TRYING TO STEAL MY HUSBAND BUT SHE'S NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!



DEATH! THAT'S A VERY INTERESTING THEME!

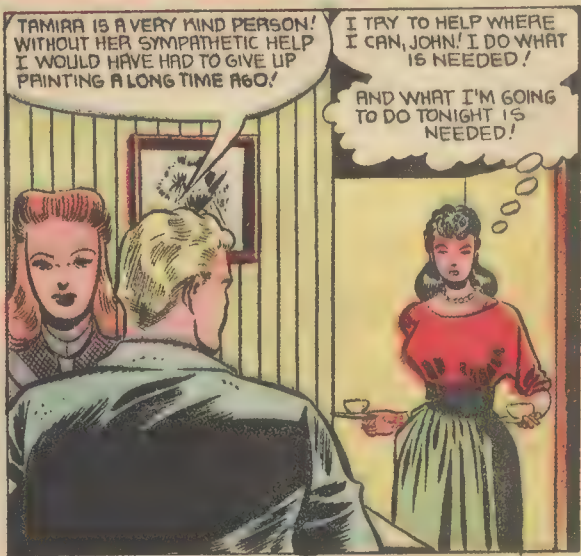
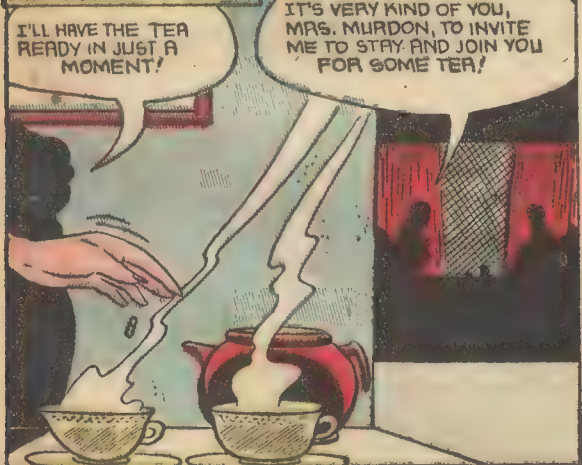
THE SLEEPING PILLS THAT'S WHAT I WANT!

I'VE WORKED HARD ON THIS ONE!



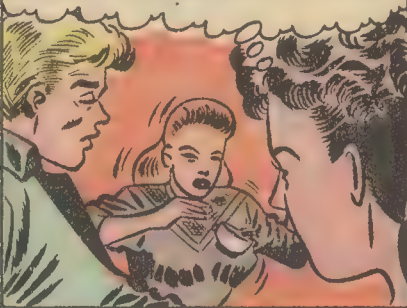


THE NEXT NIGHT ARRIVED AND WITH IT CAME THE MURDER THAT WAS IN THE HEART OF TAMARA MURDON. WHEN TAMARA MURDON INVITED THE MODEL TO STAY FOR TEA, SHE DID NOT MENTION THAT SHE WAS BREWING A CUP OF DEATH.



AS THE POWERFUL DRUG ENTERED THE BLOODSTREAMS OF THE ARTIST AND HIS MODEL, IT'S SLEEP-PRODUCING POWERS SWIFTLY WENT TO WORK. IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THE DRUG HAD ACHIEVED ITS PURPOSE.....

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT! YOU'RE BOTH HELPLESS AND YOUR LIVES ARE LIKE PUTTY IN MY HANDS! I HAVEN'T SACRIFICED THESE YEARS TO HAVE MY HUSBAND STOLEN FROM ME BY A MODEL!



I'LL MAKE SURE THAT YOU CAN'T STEAL MY HUSBAND FROM ME! AND AT THE SAME TIME, I'LL SEE THAT HE'S BOUND TO ME FOREVER! THIS WAS YOUR LAST FLIRTATION!



THERE! NOW I NEED A WEAPON TO KILL HER WITH! SOMETHING THAT JOHN MIGHT USE IF HE WANTED TO KILL A WOMAN! NO, HE WOULDN'T USE ORDINARY DEVICES OF MURDER! WAIT.... I HAVE IT!

YES, SOMETHING THAT JOHN MADE WITH HIS OWN HANDS! THE PRODUCT OF HIS CREATIVE GENIUS WILL BE THE TOOL FOR MURDER! HOW NATURAL IT WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR HIM TO MURDER USING SOMETHING THAT HE IS FAMILIAR WITH!



THE MODEL MURDERED, TAMIRA MURDON, THE COLD BLOODED KILLER, WAITED PATIENTLY FOR HER ARTIST HUSBAND TO COME OUT OF HIS DRUGGED SLEEP! AS SOON AS HE BEGAN TO SHOW SIGNS OF RETURNING CONSCIOUSNESS, SHE BEGAN A PREPARED PLAN OF ACTION....

JOHN, (SOB) WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? OH, JOHN, WHY DID I LEAVE YOU ALONE IN HERE WITH THE MODEL? MY POOR HUSBAND... I MUST HELP YOU!



WHAT? WHERE AM I?

WHY DID YOU DO IT, JOHN? I LEFT THE ROOM FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN WHEN I CAME IN YOU WERE IN A MAD FRENZY! YOU WERE SCREAMING THAT YOU WOULD DO IT TO ANYONE YOU PAINTED!

DO WHAT? WHY ARE YOU CARRYING ON THIS WAY?



KILL HER, THAT'S WHAT! YOU SCREAMED THAT YOU WOULD KILL ANYONE YOU PAINTED! AND YOU PUSHED THE STATUE ON TOP OF HER! THEN YOU QUIETED DOWN, COMING OUT OF YOUR SPELL!

OH... NO... NO!



THERE SEEMS TO BE A BLANK IN MY MIND! I DON'T REMEMBER DOING ANYTHING! I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY MIND!

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! YOU HAD A SPELL OF MADNESS!



I'M AFRAID, JOHN, OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU PAINTED A PORTRAIT OF ANOTHER MODEL! WHAT IF YOU SHOULD HAVE ANOTHER FIT OF MADNESS AND KILL HER?

NO! I'D GIVE UP PAINTING FIRST!



YES, THAT IS THE ONLY THING! YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP PAINTING! WE'LL TELL THE POLICE THIS WAS AN ACCIDENT! BUT WE CAN'T TAKE ANOTHER CHANCE! WHAT IF YOU SHOULD GO BESERK AGAIN, AND KILL YOUR NEXT MODEL?

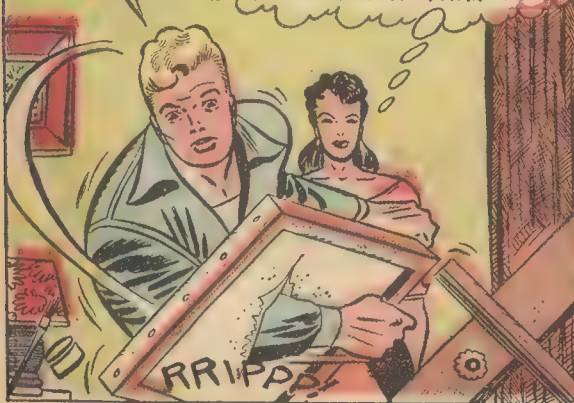
NO!



AN END TO THIS! AN END TO MY PAINTING!

IF YOU PAINT ANYONE AT ALL, IT WILL BE ME!

I'LL KEEP YOU TO MYSELF, JOHN! NO LONGER WILL YOU BE ABLE TO COME IN CONTACT WITH MODELS WHO WILL TRY TO STEAL YOU FROM ME!



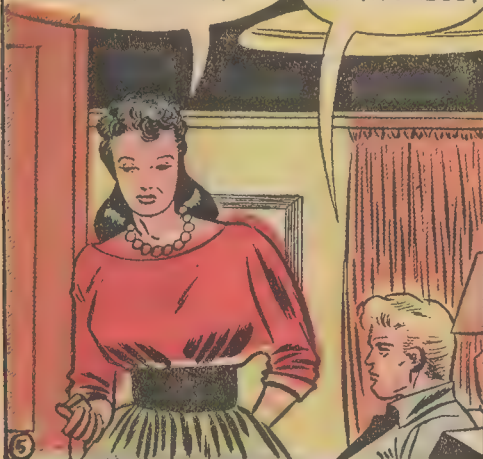
I HAVE A LITTLE MONEY SAVED UP, JOHN! LET'S GO AWAY SOMEWHERE AND BE ALONE TOGETHER! WE CAN TAKE A LITTLE PLACE, JUST THE TWO OF US, AND IT'LL BE LIKE THE TIME WHEN WE WERE FIRST MARRIED!

YES...IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO GET AWAY FROM ALL THIS!



AND BESIDES, IN CASE YOU GO MAD AGAIN, I WOULD ALWAYS BE AT YOUR SIDE TO TAKE CARE OF YOU, AND NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW!

YOU ARE BEING VERY GOOD TO ME, TAMARA! I WILL NEVER FORGET THIS KINDNESS!



A MOMENT LATER...

I WOULD LIKE TO REPORT A FATAL ACCIDENT! WE ARE IN THE APARTMENT OF MR. JOHN MURDON AT 23 WALKER STREET! YES, WE WILL WAIT FOR THE POLICE TO COME!



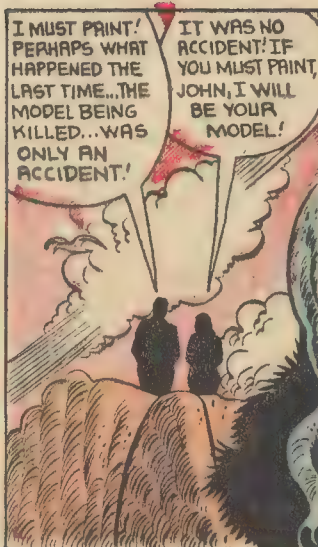
THE PLAN OF THE COLD-BLOODED MURDERESS WORKED! SHE HAD KILLED THE MODEL WHO HAD BEEN STEALING THE AFFECTIONS OF HER HUSBAND, AND SHE HAD PUT HIM ETERNALLY IN HER DEBT...A DEBT OF GUILT!





TAMIRA, THESE LAST FEW MONTHS HERE AT THE SEA SHORE, OF NOT PAINTING, MONTHS OF INACTION, HAVE MADE ME RESTLESS! I FEEL SOMETHING IN ME FORCING ME TO WANT TO PAINT!

TRY TO FIGHT IT, JOHN!



I MUST PAINT! PERHAPS WHAT HAPPENED THE LAST TIME... THE MODEL BEING KILLED... WAS ONLY AN ACCIDENT!

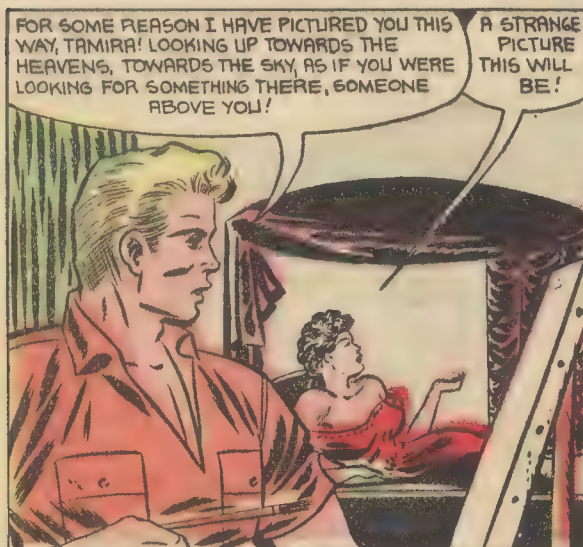
IT WAS NO ACCIDENT! IF YOU MUST PAINT, JOHN, I WILL BE YOUR MODEL!



AND SO IT CAME TO PASS THAT TAMIRA BEGAN TO POSE FOR HER ARTIST HUSBAND, AND UNWITTINGLY PREPARED HER OWN DOOM...

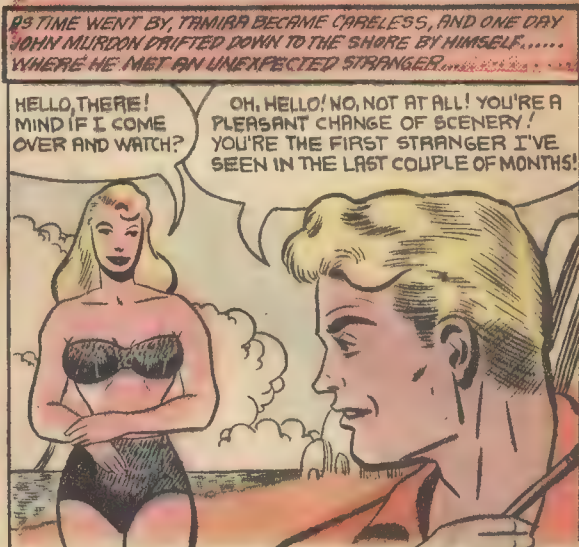
IS THIS THE WAY YOU WANT ME TO LIE, JOHN? LIKE THIS, HERE ON THE COUCH?

YES! THAT IS RIGHT! AS IF YOU WERE LOOKING UP AT SOMETHING!



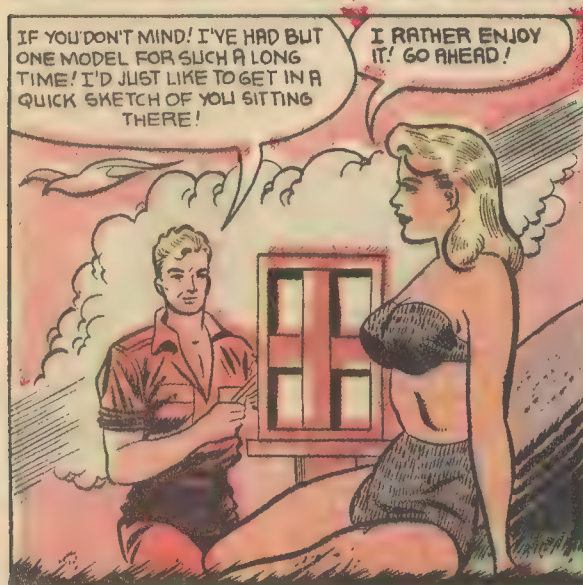
FOR SOME REASON I HAVE PICTURED YOU THIS WAY, TAMIRA! LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE HEAVENS, TOWARDS THE SKY, AS IF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THERE, SOMEONE ABOVE YOU!

A STRANGE PICTURE THIS WILL BE!



HELLO, THERE! MIND IF I COME OVER AND WATCH?

OH, HELLO! NO, NOT AT ALL! YOU'RE A PLEASANT CHANGE OF SCENERY! YOU'RE THE FIRST STRANGER I'VE SEEN IN THE LAST COUPLE OF MONTHS!



IF YOU DON'T MIND! I'VE HAD BUT ONE MODEL FOR SUCH A LONG TIME! I'D JUST LIKE TO GET IN A QUICK SKETCH OF YOU SITTING THERE!

I RATHER ENJOY IT! GO AHEAD!

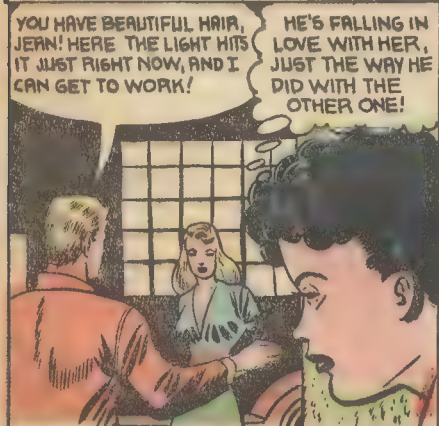


I HAVE A BETTER IDEA! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO POSE FOR ME? DO A LITTLE MODELING UP AT THE COTTAGE WHERE I HAVE ALL MY EQUIPMENT AND COULD TURN SOMETHING DECENT OUT!

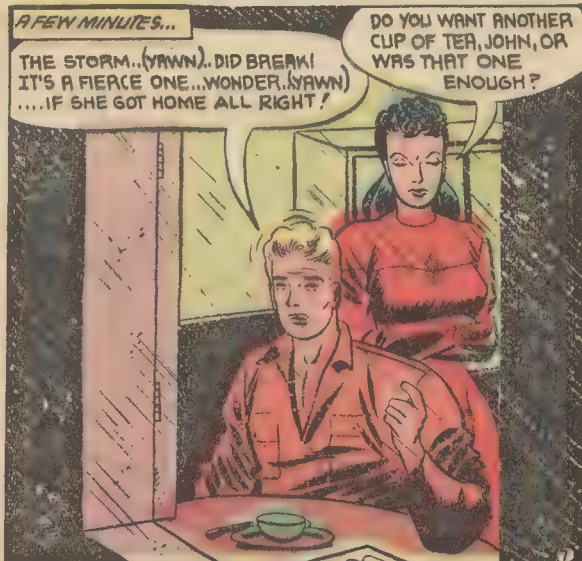
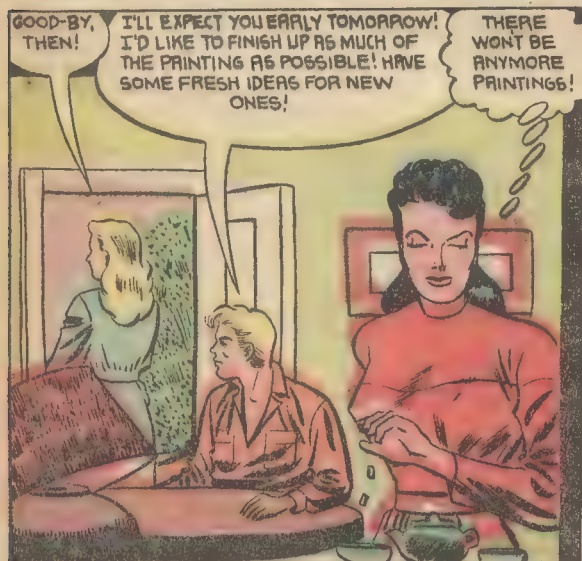
I'M ALL FOR IT... THAT IS... IF YOUR WIFE WON'T MIND!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, JOHN MURDON WORKED FEVERISHLY ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE GIRL, JEAN TENNER! GRADUALLY, HIS WIFE TAMARA, BECAME BIDDEN WITH JEALOUSY AS SHE WATCHED AFFECTION SPRING UP BETWEEN THEM.

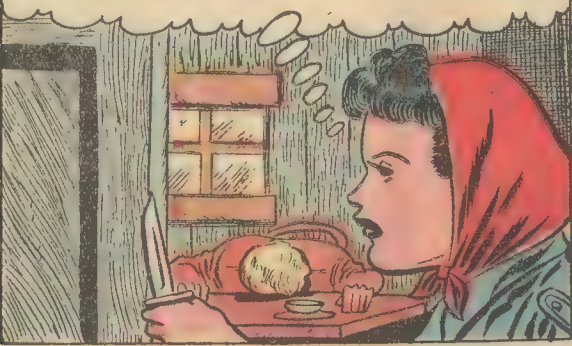


THE SECOND MURDER I COMMIT WILL BE EASIER NOW THAT I KNOW I CAN DO IT! I'LL TAKE HER LIFE IN EXCHANGE FOR THE LOVE SHE'S STEALING FROM ME! AND JOHN WILL SUFFER FOR IT!



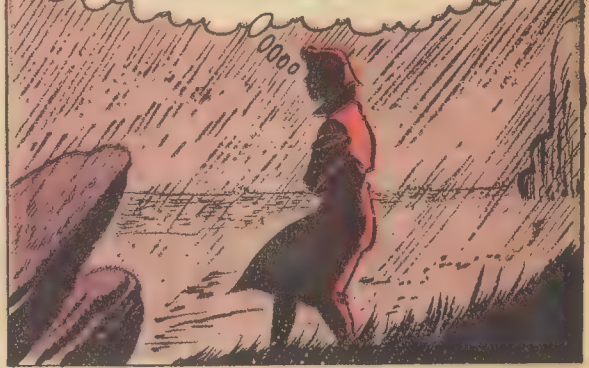
HER HUSBAND SUCCESSFULLY DOPED TAMARA MURDON BEGAN TO CARRY OUT THE PLANS SHE HAD MADE FOR HER VENGEFUL MURDER. SWIFTLY SHE MOVED ABOUT THE ROOM, GATHERING THE MURDER-
 OUR TOOLS SHE NEEDED.....

NOW, THIS RAINCOAT OF JOHN'S! IT WILL BE ALL I'LL NEED TO PROVE TO HIM THAT HE WENT MAD AND COMMITTED ANOTHER MURDER, KILLING THE MODEL WHO POSED FOR A PAINTING OF HIS! HE'LL TURN TO ME AFRAID TO EVER PAINT AGAIN!



THROUGH THE WINDSWEEP SAND DUNES, TAMARA MURDON RAN, HER HEART BLINK WITH MURDER.....

I'VE GOT TO GET THERE IN TIME, TO FIND HER, TO KILL HER, AND RETURN TO JOHN! THE GUILT IS PARTLY MINE FOR DARING TO TRY AND STEAL HIM FROM ME! SHE'S GOT TO BE MADE TO SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!



LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES LATER.....



HELLO? DID SOME ONE COME IN?

A MOMENT LATER....

NEVER MORE WILL YOU TRY TO STEAL MY HUSBAND AWAY FROM ME!



HER VICIOUS MURDER COMPLETED, TAMARA MURDON RETURNED TO THE COTTAGE WHERE HER HUSBAND WAS BEGINNING TO RECOVER FROM THE EFFECTS OF HIS DRUGGED CUP OF TEA..

WH-WHAT HAPPENED? I DON'T REMEMBER A THING! WHAT'S THIS BLOOD-STAINED RAINCOAT AND THIS BLOODY KNIFE DOING HERE?

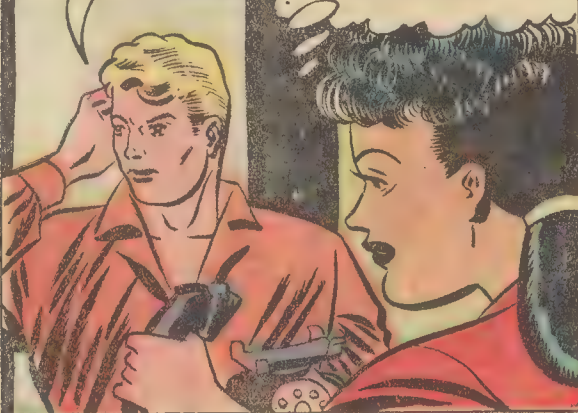
YOU WENT INTO A FRENZY AGAIN AND KILLED THE MODEL BECAUSE SHE HAD POSED FOR YOUR PAINTING!



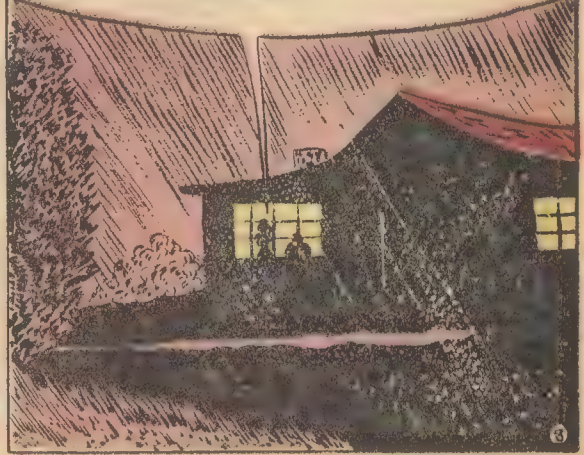
BUT I CAN'T STOP PAINTING! I WON'T STOP PAINTING EVEN IF I AM GOING MAD!

THEN I MUST NOTIFY THE POLICE, JOHN!

IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU TO MYSELF, THEN NEITHER WILL THE PRETTY MODELS WHO HAVE TRIED TO STEAL YOU FROM ME!



HELLO! I WANT TO SPEAK TO THE SHERIFF, PLEASE! WELL, PLEASE TRY TO LOCATE HIM THEN! AND WHEN YOU DO, TELL HIM THAT MRS. MURDON CALLED, AND THAT I'M HOLDING MY HUSBAND WHO HAS GONE MAD AND KILLED A WOMAN!



LET'S GO OUTSIDE AND WALK TO THE BLUFF BY THE SEA, JOHN!

WHY NOT MAKE IT A DEFINITE END NOW? THEN I CAN TELL THE SHERIFF THAT HE TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM ME AND THAT I HAD TO KILL HIM!



THE STORM HAS GONE DOWN, AND THE WEATHER HAS TAKEN A TURN FOR THE BETTER! POOR JEAN! TO THINK THAT BECAUSE OF ME SHE'LL NEVER SEE THIS AGAIN!

I TRIED TO WARN YOU NOT TO PAINT! OR IF YOU PAINTED, TO PAINT ONLY ME!



A MOMENT LATER, AND TAMIRA AND JOHN MURRAY HAD REACHED THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF! SLOWLY SHE RAISED HER ARM, AND PAINTED THE GUN AT HER HUSBAND...

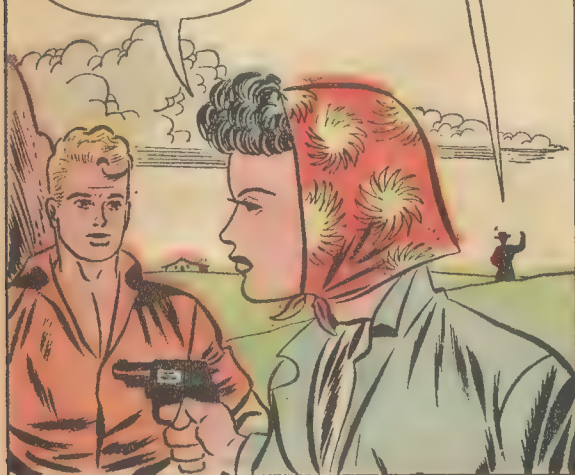
I'M NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR THE SHERIFF, JOHN! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU NOW! I'M GOING TO PUT AN END TO OUR MUTUAL SUFFERING!

DON'T DO IT, TAMIRA! DON'T DO IT!

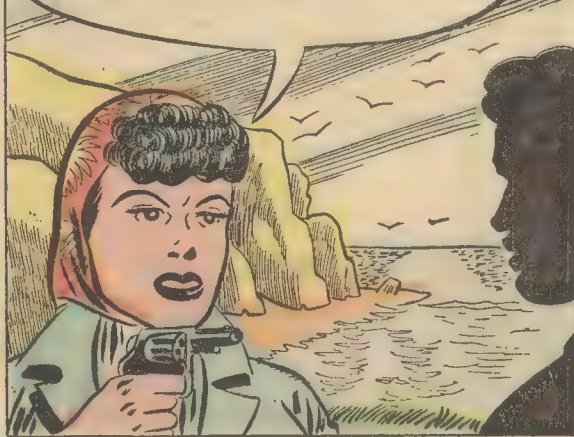


IT'S TOO LATE, JOHN! I'VE MADE UP MY MIND!

HELLO, THERE! WAIT FOR ME!



SOMEONE IS COMING! I MUST KILL YOU QUICKLY! BUT BEFORE I DO, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I KILLED THOSE WOMEN YOU PAINTED! I DID IT BECAUSE THEY WERE STEALING YOUR LOVE FROM ME!



EACH ONE OF THOSE TIMES, I DRUGGED YOU AND THEN I KILLED... AGH! MY WAIST!

TAMIRA! WATCH OUT! I NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOU!



I... JOHN! HELP ME.. I'M LOSING MY BALANCE! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!

GET MOVING, MAN! SHE'S GOING TO PITCH RIGHT OVER THAT CLIFF TO THE ROCKS BELOW!

TAMIRA...





HELP!
EEE-E!

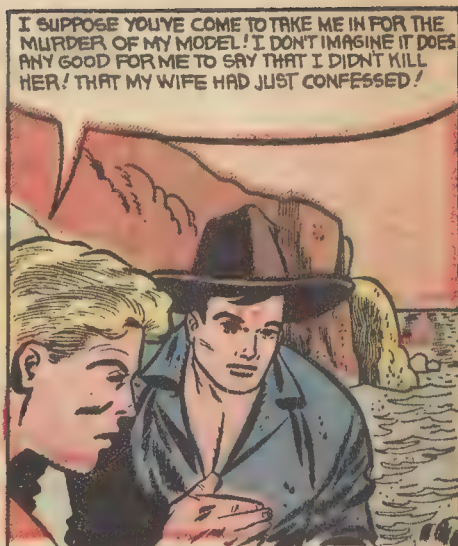
TAMIRA!
TRY TO...

IT'S TOO LATE! SHE'S
A GONER!



SHOULD
WE GO
DOWN
AFTER HER,
SHERIFF?

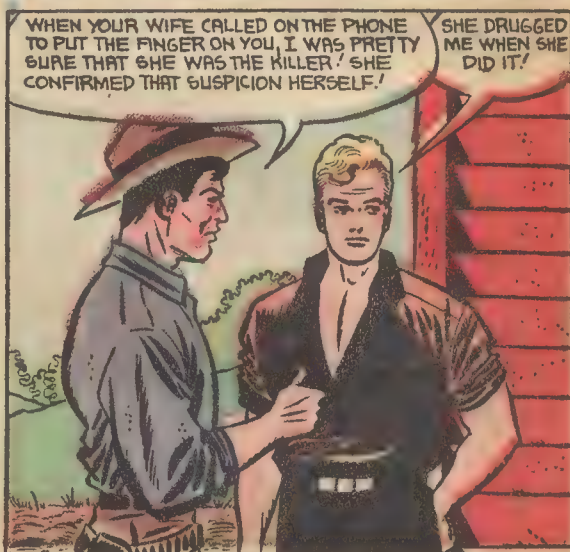
SHE'S DEAD!
WE COULDN'T
HELP
HER!



I SUPPOSE YOU'VE COME TO TAKE ME IN FOR THE
MURDER OF MY MODEL! I DON'T IMAGINE IT DOES
ANY GOOD FOR ME TO SAY THAT I DIDN'T KILL
HER! THAT MY WIFE HAD JUST CONFESSED!

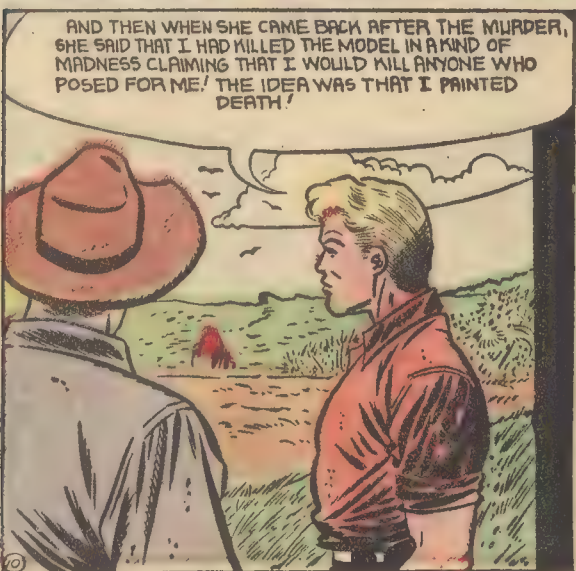


I KNEW THAT A MAN DIDN'T KILL JEAN TENNER!
THE KILLER LEFT FOOTPRINTS ALL OVER THE
PLACE, IN THE EARTH THAT WAS SOFTENED BY
THE RAIN! THEY WERE A WOMAN'S FOOTPRINTS!

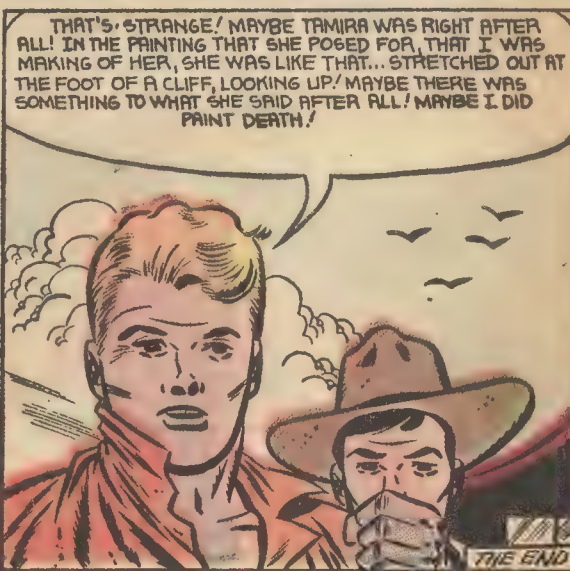


WHEN YOUR WIFE CALLED ON THE PHONE
TO PUT THE FINGER ON YOU, I WAS PRETTY
SURE THAT SHE WAS THE KILLER! SHE
CONFIRMED THAT SUSPICION HERSELF!

SHE DRUGGED
ME WHEN SHE
DID IT!



AND THEN WHEN SHE CAME BACK AFTER THE MURDER,
SHE SAID THAT I HAD KILLED THE MODEL IN A KIND OF
MADNESS CLAIMING THAT I WOULD KILL ANYONE WHO
POSED FOR ME! THE IDEA WAS THAT I PAINTED
DEATH!



THAT'S STRANGE! MAYBE TAMIRA WAS RIGHT AFTER
ALL! IN THE PAINTING THAT SHE POSED FOR, THAT I WAS
MAKING OF HER, SHE WAS LIKE THAT... STRETCHED OUT AT
THE FOOT OF A CLIFF, LOOKING UP! MAYBE THERE WAS
SOMETHING TO WHAT SHE SAID AFTER ALL! MAYBE I DID
PAINT DEATH!

THE END

"4 Way-Wonder"

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For the best dressed girl in town — a gloriously exciting 4-way sensation! Tantalizing "go-get-him" suit has snug little wing-cuffed jacket, its own full-flaring skirt with "squeeze-me" waistband, boldly cuffed plunge-pockets. To go with or without it — a dazzling polka dot dream dress with curve-clinging cap-sleeved bodice, flirtatiously bowed at the winged collar. Wide, wide dancing skirt and contrasting patent belt. Suit in Black or Navy Wool. Rayon dress in Rose, Aqua or White with contrasting dots.

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16½-18½-20½

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38-40-42-44-46-48

13⁹⁸

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☐ I enclose \$_____. You pay postage.

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NAME _____

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REDUCE

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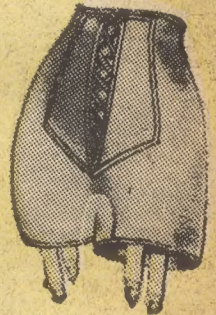
The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT with the amazing new adjustable front panel controls your figure the way you want it, with added support where you need it most. Simply adjust the laces and **PRESTO** your mid section is reshaped, your back is braced and you look and feel younger!

MORE UP-LIFT AND HOLD-IN POWER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT takes weight off tired feet and gives you a more alluring, more daringly feminine, curvaceous figure the instant you put it on. It gives you lovely curves just in the *right places*, with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. It whittles your waist line to *nothingness* no matter what shape you may now have. *It's easily adjusted—always comfortable!*

TEST THE ADJUST-O-BELT UP-LIFT PRINCIPLE WITH YOUR OWN HANDS!

Clasp your hands over your *abdomen*, press upwards and in gently, *but firmly*. You feel better don't you! That's just what the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT does for you only the ADJUST-O-BELT does it better. *Mail Coupon and test it at home for 10 days FREE at our expense!*



APPEAR SLIMMER, AND FEEL BETTER!

The UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT lifts and flattens unsightly bulges, comfortably, quickly, firmly. It readjusts easily to changes in your figure, yet no laces touch your body. It gives instant *slenderizing figure control*. It fashionably shapes your figure to it's slimmest lines. *Like magic the UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT* obeys your every wish. *Pounds and inches* seem to disappear instantly from waist, hips and thighs. You can adjust it to your slimmed down figure as your figure changes. It gives the same fit and comfort you get from a made to order girdle costing 2 to 3 times the price. It washes like a dream. Style: Panty and regular. Colors nude and white. It's made of the finest stretch material used in any girdle with a pure satin front panel and made by the most skilled craftsmen. It's light in weight but powerfully strong.

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New amazing NYLON laces will be sent free with your order. Try them instead of your regular laces. You may keep them FREE even if you return the girdle.

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1025 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Rush your new and improved UP-LIFT ADJUST-O-BELT for \$3.98 in size and style checked. ☐ Regular, ☐ Panty.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage plus handling.

☐ I enclose \$3.98. You pay postage plus handling.

CHECK SIZE: ☐ Sm. (25-26); ☐ Med. (27-28);

☐ Lg. (29-30); ☐ XL (31-32); ☐ XXL (33-34);

☐ XXXL (35-40); ☐ XXXXL (42-44).

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ADDRESS.....

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Stainless Steel **DIAMOND** **TESTED** Hollow Ground **10-PIECE KNIFE SET**

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Now YOU CAN HAVE THE **RIGHT**
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How many times have you said "I wish I had a decent knife in this house!" Here's your chance to order not just one knife . . . but a set of ten. Because you order direct from the cutlery factory, you get a \$9.95 value for only \$4.95! These knives have features that will make your kitchen work a joy! They're famous DeLuxe Diamond Tested . . . with blades of stainless steel . . . mirror finished . . . hollow ground and hand finished. The handles are of imported rosewood . . . curved to fit the hand . . . hand-polished . . . and attached with double-compression rivets.

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- 3-inch blade Paring Knife
- 4-inch blade Grapefruit Knife
- 6-inch blade Chef's Fork
- 8-inch Sharpening Steel



Stainless Steel
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Blades



Rosewood
handles
shaped
to fit
the hand



Double-
compression
brass rivets

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Simply write your name and address on the \$5.00 money-saving certificate and mail. Pay the postman only \$4.95 plus C.O.D. postage, on money-back guarantee. No more to pay.

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THIS CERTIFICATE SAVES YOU \$5.00

NIRESK INDUSTRIES, Dept. K-54
1474 W. Hubbard St., Chicago 22, Ill.

Gentlemen: Kindly rush . . . 10-pc. Knife Sets at the factory price of \$4.95 per set — on 10-day money-back guarantee.

NAME

(please print)

ADDRESS

CITY

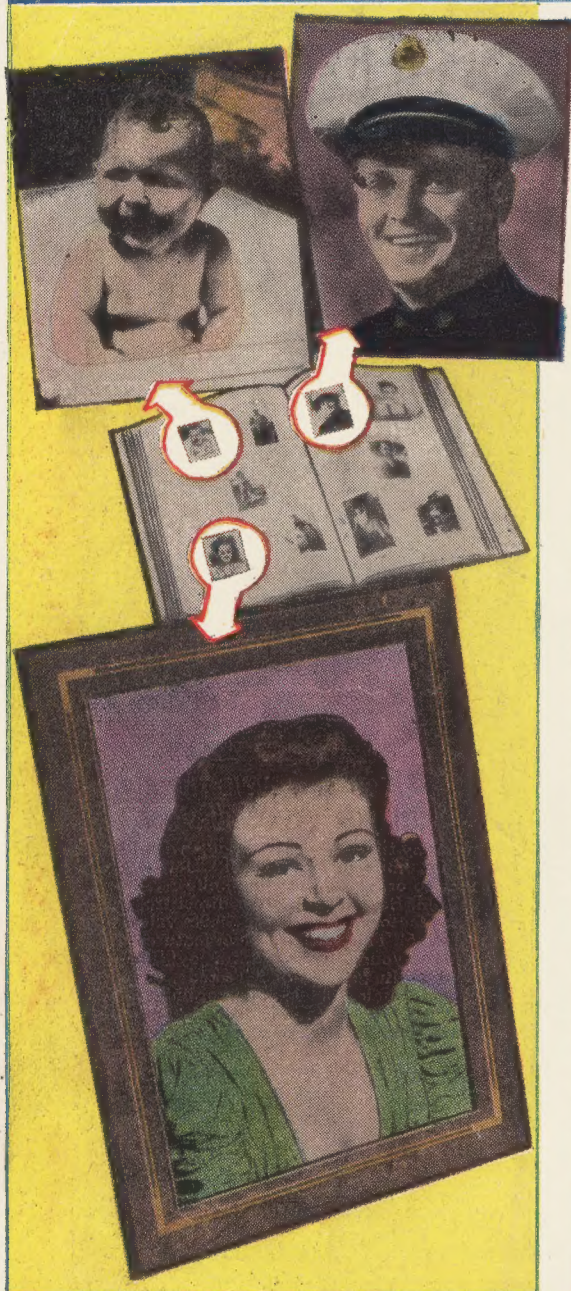
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(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make..... Enlargement and Frame.
(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 19c each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee offer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... () STATE.....
(Zone)

Fill in description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1

Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....

COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....